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Pictures and Poems of Arkansas

Compiled by
MRS. BERNIE BABCOCK AND
O. C. LUDWIG

With Seventy Illustrations
BY
Arkansas Photographers

VOLUME I.

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Little Rock, Ark.

ARKANSAS MADONNA

Pose by mother and child whose home is at the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas

HERE'S TO

ARKANSAS

Land of corn and cotton
Best you ever saw—
Ne'er to be forgotten,
Grand old Arkansas!

Land of mellow peaches,
Land of golden wheat;
'Tis experience teaches,
Mighty hard to beat.

Land of reddest cherries,
Apples, pears and plums,
Land of endless berries—
To the front she comes.

Blessings rest upon us,
Love from all the girls!
Hail the land of promise,
Hail the land of pearls!

Land of peace and plenty
Liberty and law;
Ain't one state in twenty
Beats old Arkansas.

Sidney Warren Mase.

GREETING

IN presenting this little volume of poems and pictures to the public it may be proper to say the compilers do not claim they have included all the best things that have been written of a poetical nature by Arkansas people, nor that other pictures of our home life and our common country would not illustrate as well the beauty of our scenery and the type of our citizenship. If this volume is a success, then at a later period there will be other volumes, so that in the end we may give to the world all of the best there is in the artistic storehouses of our beloved State. What we give today may serve as an inspiration to those who delight to give support to poetry and art, and may start a rivalry revealing to the world in beautiful language and pictures much of the charm and glory of Arkansas. Year after year we pay tribute to the genius of those dwelling in other lands, and it is right that we should do so, for it means the advancing of ideals of beauty and the uplifting of the human mind to loftier planes, but let us not forget the modest singers and the picture makers of our own dear State. They are worthy of a kind word of encouragement, and you will express your appreciation of their efforts if this book finds a resting place in the library of every home in Arkansas.

O. A. Ludwig

FOREWORD

IT has been no easy matter to select from the large number of available Pictures and Poems of Arkansas, the limited collection which appears in this little volume. Some of the poems have been selected from the published works of their respective authors. Among such are Fay Hempstead, author of "Hempstead's History of Arkansas;" George B. Rose, whose "Renaissance Masters" has had wide and popular recognition; Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, one of the best known of Southern writers through her popular contributions and her first volume of "Heart Songs;" T. Elmore Lucey, whose little volume "Through Prairie Meadows" is alone sufficient to establish his reputation as a poet; Alice France, whose recently published volume, "Sung in the Shadows," is being well received; George Fleming Chapline, author of "A Bunch of Grass," and Mrs. Athalia A. J. Irwin of "A Bouquet of Verse." To these and the many other writers and the artists whose work is given herewith, the compilers express their appreciation and thanks, with the hope that its reception may be sufficiently cordial to invite many other volumes tending toward the development of a yet better and more extensive appreciation of Arkansas literature and art.

Mrs. Bernie Babcock,

"Home Grown."

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ARKANSAS BLACKS

Harris.

"Here Gracious Seasons Gently Flow."

A SOUTHLAND SONG

O land for which our Fathers died,
Land dearer than all else beside;
Thy praise shall men forever sing,
Where Fame and Truth their tribute bring.
Thy fate be mine. What'er betide
I with thee evermore abide.
Clime of the South, o'er land and sea
My heart is thine where'er I be.

Fair are thy vales; and sweetest flowers
Bedeck with wealth thy forest bowers.
Here blandly smile the days among
The gifts by generous Fortune flung.
Thy maids as fair; thy sons as brave,
As ever kindly Nature gave.
Southland, such is my love for thee,
My heart is thine where'er I be.

Here gracious seasons gently flow,
Bright skies of deepest hue below;
And Thrift, from every dale and hill,
With plenty doth thy garners fill.
Here balmy airs from Summer blown,
Like days of Eden make thine own.
Land of the South, peace be with thee!
My heart is thine where'er I be.

—Fay Hempstead.

"EVERY YEAR"

Life is a count of loses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness
Every year;
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us
The threats of death alarm us
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us
And disappointments daunt us
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us
Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

Too true! Life's shores are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us
There are fewer to forget us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavenly burden lighter
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

—*Albert Pike.*

"Going"

"Going"

"Gone"

ON LEAVING ARKANSAS

MY OWN LOVED ARKANSAS

Land of the verdant valley,
  Land of the rock-ribbed hill,
Land of the rushing river,
  Land of the rippling rill;
Land of the softest breezes,
  Land of the bluest skies,
Land of the silver moonlight—
  Land that I love and prize—
The fairest land sun ever saw,
  My own, my own, my Arkansas,
My Arkansas, my Arkansas,
  My own loved Arkansas.

Land of the blushing roses,
  Land of the stately pine,
Land of the solemn cypress,
  Land of the clinging vine;
Land of the fleecy cotton,
  Land of the golden corn,
Land of the peach and apple,
  Land of the fabled horn—
The richest land man ever saw,
  My own, my own, my Arkansas.

Land of the nut and honey,
  Land of the 'possum pie,
Land of the watermelon,
  Land of the hot fish-fry;
Land of the deer and turkey,
  Land of the yellow yam,
Land of the huckleberry,
  Land of the pone and jam—
The fattest land you ever saw,
  My own, my own, my Arkansas.

Land of the cozy cottage,
  Land of the happy home,
Land of the sacred hearthstone,
  Land of the Holy Tome
Land of the saint and soldier,
  Land of the warm of heart,
Land of the loyal lover,
  Land of the poet's art—
The sweetest land I ever saw,
  My own, my own, my Arkansas.

Land of the purest matrons,
  Land of the men of brain,
Land of the loveliest maidens,
  Land of the sturdy swain;
Land of romantic story,
  Land of the holiest song,
Land of the true and noble,
  Land of the brave and strong—
The land of liberty and law,
  My own, my own, my Arkansas.

My Arkansas, my Arkansas.
  My own loved Arkansas.
We stand for liberty and law,
For love, for home, for Arkansas.

—A. C. Millar.

MY LITTLE WORLD

My little world—a street, my work, my home;
My friends and those I love—'tis small indeed;
The traveled ones speak of another world—
A wider and a fairer world than mine,—
But I am happy in my little world.

—*C. L. Fagan.*

"Don't Let Hard Times Get You Down."

MOTIFS FOR THE MORBID

If all sorrow you would drown
Laugh right out;
Don't let hard times get you down—
Learn to shout!
Tears will never drown a wrong;
Scatter sunbeams all along;
Shame old sadness with a song—
Rout him out!

Moping never won a race.
Keep your grit!
Laugh right in the cynic's face;
Say you're "it,"
And you'll win the world's respect;
Worthless lives are soonest wrecked
Rise above mere caste and sect—
Make a hit!

Wreathe your roses ere they fade—
While they're red;
Eden's flowers were never made
For the dead!
Let the living feel the thrill
Of the rose and daffodil
Help your brother climb the hill
Just ahead!

Don't be stingy with your cheer;
Smile out loud!
Laugh away the skeptic tear—
Join the crowd!
Heaven's not so many leagues away,
But you may hear the angels say:
"Our gate's the human heart today—
Not the shroud!"

—T. Elmore Lucey.

"In the Pillared Shade of an Arkansas Wood."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

Shall we forget the time, dear Joe,
When you and I were boys?
We hailed th' fall of the cheerful snow
With radiant face and noise.

We tracked the rabbit to his lair
Across the field of white,
And jerked him from it by the hair,
His brown eyes wild with fright.

The wild ducks on the shallow pond,
Where water lilies grew,
Would keep their sentinels around,
But we were hid from view.

And often from our good shotgun
A messenger would fly,
And there beneath the golden sun
Some fowl would quickly die.

And then at night beneath the moon,
Whose rays were lantern-light,
The coon dog barked his happy tune
And filled us with delight.

We knew that on the fruity limb
Of some wild 'simmon tree
His coonship, like a spectre dim,
Was happy as could be.

We shook him out, and on the ground
They wallowed to and fro,
First here, next there, and then we found
A dead coon in the snow.

On Christmas eve our old wool socks
By chimney side we'd store;
Beneath a quilt our shaggy locks
Soon mingled with our snore.

And sometime from without, a sound
  Would 'rouse us from our sleep,
And we would slide the cover 'round
  And slyly take a peep.

And then upon the Christmas morn,
  At dawn's first timid crack,
We'd find an amber-painted horn
  And loose-limbed jumping jack.

We'd find some horse-shaped ginger bread,
  Perhaps, a barlow knife;
And candy, almost always red—
  Great God, but that was life!

It seems to me that in these days
  We don't have half the joys,
And people too, have changed their ways,
  Since you and I were boys.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

LIFE

This life is a but a checkered span
  Of days, and months, and years,
And some are stamped with sweetest joys
  While some are stained with tears.

But do not think the grief is more
  And that the joys are few;
For, when the worth of each is weighed
  The best will be for you.

Then, look ye all beyond the gloom
  Wherever shines the sun,
And Hope and Love will lighten life
  Till joy immortal's won.

—*Josie Frazee Cappleman.*

A PRAYER

The years have been so short—and yet so long—
So long—
Since women, laughter, wine and mocking song
Have made the cup of pleasure 'round the rim so sweet
The dregs so bitter—and the wreckage so complete.

Forgive, forgive the waste—my wicked ways
And make me fit to pray as in past, hallowed days—

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray Thee Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray Thee Lord my soul to take.

This prayer I pray
For her dear sake
Who loves me.
Amen.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

"UNCLE"

THE OLD TIME DARKY

They are going fast, they're going,
From the old-time cabin door,
And the places now that know them,
Will know them, soon, no more;
Aye, the "Uncle," and the "Aunty"
With the bygones soon will be,
And no more of "Mars" and "Missus"
Will there come to you and me.

No more the crooning "Mammy,"
Softly swaying to and fro;
With her love, unchanged, enduring,
Will the Southland's wee ones know.
No more that careless sing-song,
In measure quaint and droll,
Will o'erflow from hearts so happy
Till of music seemed each soul.

No more that admiration
And that darkey-pride, so great,
In all the fleecy acres
Of his master's vast estate;
No more that fond affection
For the household on the hill;
For the trusty, old-time darkey
Had no equal and ne'er will.

No more that joy, the wildest
That a rustic race e'er knew,
When the Christmas feasts were ready
And that day no work to do;
Or, the marriage of "Young Missus"
To some magnate of the land,
When the darkey shared the glory
Of the bravest of that band.

PICTURES and POEMS of ARKANSAS

"MAMMY"

No more that grief, profoundest,
When "Old Mars" or "Missus" died,
Or the baby from the "big house,"
Was lowered by their side;
For the darkey mourned as truly
For the Master and his kind,
As the faithful in the annals
Of grief, we ever find.

And to me one old "Black Aunty"
Still is spared—tho' brief her days,
And I oft in silence, wonder
At her dear old darkey ways;
Still, when sickness comes, or sorrow,
Other friends may faint and fall,
But "Black Mammy" never falters—
She is faithful thro' it all.

With a heart surcharged with sorrow,
Do I watch them pass away,
For the Old South with them endeth,
And the New assumes its sway—
With the passing of the darkey,
Of that good, old golden time,
So passeth out for ever
That fair epoch of our clime.

—*Josie Frazee Cappleman.*

"When the Cattle are all Coming Homeward."

AT EVENTIDE

When the shadows grow long in the evening
And the echoes float over the fields,
When the cattle are all coming homeward,
And the daylight to darkness slow yields,

It is then I love to walk slowly,
Alone down the path in the wood,
And list to the echoes of mem'ry,
That rush o'er my soul, like a flood.

I am bowed like a reed in the current,
Then borne like a leaf on the wave,
Plunged deep in the clamorous billows,
Left to rest in a sheltering cave.

The past of my life is lived over;
Each echo has voices I've known,
Each shadow has forms that are lovely,
Each scene is of something that's gone.

—B. E. Antrobus.

"Beyond the Shadows of the Grave."

THANKSGIVING

O swift the yearly cycles run
  And scatter thorns along the way,
  With here and there a blossom gay
Whose charming bloom the loving sun
Has shed its genial rays upon.

We feel the thorns; they sting us so
  And leave a wound that slowly heals,
  And as we brood there slowly steals
Rebellious thoughts that come and go
Athwart our hearts with fever glow.

Too oft we fail to pause and bless
  The things that light our groping way,
  Too rarely stop and humbly pray;
It is not that we love Thee less,
We mostly sin through carelessness.

We should give thanks for wind and wave,
  The scented blossoms and the trees,
  For health and all our hours of ease
And for that life our spirits crave
Beyond the shadows of the grave.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

"Good Night, Good Night."

TO A WATCHER

Good night, good night, the evening shadows gather,
They settle frowning down, on vale and hill,
And wrapped in silence, canopied by darkness,
The busy world grows still.

The flowers swing this incense—laden censors,
Freighting with odors every whispering breeze
That stirs as with a pulse of rhythmic measure,
The listening forest trees.

The brooklet dreams upon its couch of pebbles,
The tender fern lies mirrored in its tide,
And there the harebell droops in dewy clusters,
And modest violets hide.

And see—the moon slow rising in its glory,
Tinges with palest gold the azure sky;
While moving on each in appointed orbit,
The starry hosts sweep by.

In march of centuries, still, sublime and solemn,
Changeless thro' cycles of unresting years,
They still keep time in vast, unbroken column,
To music of the spheres.

Good night—the love of Him who sleepeth never,
Who guides the planets, parts the sea from shore;
Be with you thro' the gloom of midnight watches,
And keep you evermore.

—*Mrs. S. R. Allen.*

"From Bright Pagan Days is Thy Spirit Descended."

VENICE

Beautiful Venice! Thou queen of the ocean!
Floating upon the blue Adrian wave,
Round thee the waters with humble devotion
Gather, thy feet with their kisses to lave.

Like a true queen in thy beauty thou reignest,
Fairest of all of the cities of earth,
And with thy charms every heart thou enchainest,
Wooing the soul to repose and to mirth.

Thou'rt the dwelling of love and of pleasure,
Where Venus her gentle dominion maintains;
Where the Graces still dance to voluptuous measure,
And music is heard in the richest of strains.

From bright pagan days is thy spirit descended
When men tasted pleasure unconscious of guilt,
And feared not that heaven by joy was offended,
But danced in the shrines to fair goddesses built.

By thy watery walls from invasion protected,
Thou hast watched from afar the barbarian's path;
To the rule of stern priests thou wert never subjected,
Nor hast trembled before the pontificial wrath.

When around thee men cowered in sadness and terror,
Believing the torments of hell would be poured,
On their heads if through pleasure they fell into error,
Venus by thee was with Mary adored.

With a beauty that rivaled Praxiteles' wonder
She awoke to new raptures at Titian's command,
And bursting the fetters that bound her asunder,
She ruled in her glory as queen of the land.

And now on the gondola's cushions reclining
I glide through thy streets in the moon' silver light,
And it seems that I see the fair Nereids twining
Their locks of pale gold round their bosoms so white.

And there, where the shadows of evening are deepest,
It seems that their low, rippling laughter I hear,
And I wonder if still in thy waters thou keepest
Those mermaids whose songs drew the stars from their sphere.

From the dark, narrow streets into moonlight emerging,
The gondolas issue as black as the tomb,
And graceful as swans their silent course urging,
They pass from our sight, and are lost in the gloom.

On the still air of evening soft music is floating
Like the strains that are heard on Elysium's shore,
Like the songs of the passionate goddesses doting
On the heroes they loved in the great days of yore.

Around all is calm, and the world seems enchanted
As bound by some subtle, mysterious charm,
And a foretaste of heaven to mortals is granted,
So tortured by sorrow, so vexed with alarm.

How sweet would life be on thy sparkling blue waters,
And dreaming the dreams of voluptuous ease,
Caressed by the music of ocean's fair daughters,
Which like perfume is borne on the cool evening breeze.

But sweetest of pleasures are ever most fleeting,
And leave a regret to endure evermore;
So adieu to thee, Venice, accept my sad greeting,
As I pass from thy waves to the Adrian shore.

Farewell to thee, Venice, thou city adorning
The earth with thy beauty and wooing to rest;
Thou fadest away like a vision of morning,
Like a dream of the city dwelt in by the blest.

—*George B. Rose.*

"As the Rippling River's Flow."

HOPE

What a pleasant thought to cherish as the seasons come and go,
As the dormant meadows blossom and the rippling rivers flow;
As the chilling blasts of winter and the frigid, driving sleet,
Dispels the cheerful sunshine and the summer roses sweet!
What a blessed contemplation as Nature shifts the scene,
And the dreary past is hidden by the mystic veil between!

What a blessed Hope to cherish as we look beyond the plain;
As we lift our tottering banner to heights we would attain;
As we bear our heavy burdens with footsteps soft and slow—
That all our cares are over and our sorrows are no more!
What a blessed Hope to waft us o'er threat'ning billows high,
And at last to land us safely in the land beyond the sky!

—Rufus J. Nelson.

THE NIGHT THAT MOTHER DIED

The night that mother died—
The world seemed bare and bleak and wide;
The light that long had shone for me
All sudden' paled—then ceased to be:
The last great throb of mother-love
Bore her sweet soul to souls above,
And all the tender, pitying care
Of patient years, lay shrouded there.

The night that mother died—
It seemed the very oak-trees sighed;
The flowers she ever loved so well,
Held less of fragrance in their spell;
The picture-faces, in the room,
Seemed wrapt in speechless grief and gloom;
Half-turned from sight her great arm-chair
Seemed saddest of the sad things there.

The night that mother died—
The pearly portals opened wide:—
And is she watching over there
The hearts behind with mother-care?
If so—I'm sure she'll gently guide
Each dear one to the Other Side,
Where she doth loving understand
The aches and heart-breaks of this land
And where, as each child reacheth rest,
She still, of friends, will be the best.

—Josie Frazee Cappleman.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

Erected by the State of Arkansas, Confederate Veterans
and Daughters of the Confederacy, on new
State House grounds, Little Rock

THE OLD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

You served your country faithfully,
And fought its battles well,
Nor feared the thrust of bayonet,
Nor flinched from noise of shell;
You stood where shot fell thickest,
Where smoke obscured the field,
Where men fell sorely wounded,
And died, yet would not yield.

You marched behind a tattered flag,
While Hope was drooping low:
Clad in a Southern homespun rag,
You faced the Northern foe;
And some in shallow trenches lie,
And some have empty sleeves,
And some have since gone to the sky,
While loyal Southland grieves.

You gained a wide, immortal fame,
You won a hero's crown,
But time has served to dim thy name,
And so we turn you down;
Forgotten be the story that
We loved so well to tell,
For younger men must fill the place
Where you were wont to dwell.

Then, here's a long farewell to those
Who fought for Southern rights;
We bid adieu to warriors true
In all their country's fights;
It matters not if tears be shed
By those who still remain,
The soldier must be set aside—
His record is in vain.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

"The Cypress Showers on the Lake's Smooth Breast its Foliage."

NOVEMBER IN THE SOUTH

The meadow, serene and lazy, sleeps away
  The afternoon, in sunshine soft with haze;
The cornstalks, gleaned, are bowed as if to pray
  That man had reaped them too in harvest days.

The mocking bird whose music, once loud, strong
  Filled all the air with trembling joy, now sends
From leafless shrub wherein he sits, a song
  Subdued and sad, which with the landscape blends.

The brook, pellucid, throws the sunlight back
  In myriad dimples from its cheerful face;
Reeds, erstwhile green, with frost tipped fingers track
  The roving waters on their gleeful race.

The red and golden glory of the wood
  Sends wakeful greeting to the drowsy eye;
Within, the sportsman's dog gives flush to brood
  Of nut-brown quail, that rise—to fall and die.

And with them fall the leaves, by man not slain
  But plucked by unseen hand of loitering breeze,
And gently dropped to earth, to live again
  When summer's warmth shall quick the parent trees.

The cypress showers on the lake's smooth breast
  Its foliage; to a pale and crescent moon
It bows its dark-bared head, when in the west
  The sun has stooped to loose his sandal-shoon.

Then from the chimney-tops the bustling smoke
  Melts in the shadow of a day that's gone;
The door latch clicks, loved palms a bright face stroke,
  Warm lips meet lips: with night I stand alone.

—*Charles S. Blackburn.*

"A Type She Is of Womanhood."

THE NEW SOUTH WOMANHOOD

A type she is of womanhood
Of Southern woman, fair and good
And gentle dignity;
A manner full of grace and ease
And pretty woman-ways that please
In sweet simplicity.

A heart with constancy a-tune,
And touched all tenderly so soon
As pity makes its plaint;
A hand that softly doth enclose
To worn and weary in their woes
And firm lives makes of faint.

A character that naught can quail—
That's strong and brave where these avail
In judgment, kind and just;
Whose life, as daily it unrolls,
Bespeaks one of these peerless souls
In whom all hearts may trust.

The world's proud deeds within the past,
The marked events that follow fast
For her are frequent food;
Refinement, culture are her share
And honored is she everywhere
This new South womanhood.

For such is Southern womanhood
That's fresh and fair and pure and good,
That's strangely old, yet new;
Such is, in truth, a type today
That's with us, and will be alway
So long as truth is true.

—*Josie Frazee Cappleman.*

"DIXIE"

DIXIE

No other strain my soul can fill
Or start the tears so soon,
My being's deepest pulses thrill
Like the sweet Southern tune;
So sadly sweet, I'll ne'er decide
Whether pleasure 'tis or pain
Ne'er bugle breathed, or cornet sighed
A more impassioned strain.

O, can'st thou hear, and tamely stand,
Dost not the hot blood stir?
'Twould nerve e'en cowards feeble brand
Strong as Excalibur!
It sounds—we hear the cannon roar,
Swift swords from scabbards fly,
We lead the gallant charge; once more,
Our Southern flag streams high.

O, martial air that nerved our dead
It seems to say to me
Those stirring strains your fathers led
To death, or victory,
And when they rose above the shriek
Of battle fierce and wild
They fire dthe strong, they nerved the weak
The dying heard and smiled.

Not France's glorious Marsellaise
Not Watch Song on the Rhine,
Nor homesick Switzer's Alpine lays
Touch such deep chords as thine.
Say, Veteran, who wore the grey,
And thrilled beneath that strain,
Leaps not your heart the same old way
When "Dixie's" played again?

—Zula Camille Vaughan.

"Thy Face Perhaps Is Not of One Most Fair."

MY SOUTHERN QUEEN

Thy face, perhaps, is not of all most fair,
Nor was thy form cast in the matchless mould;
Thy step, not all of grace; Yet I behold
In thee a wealth of charm by far more rare:
A face with calm, sweet depths, and mirrored there
A faith that questions not, nor will grow cold,
But with the fleeting years will yet unfold
In richer loveliness; a bosom where
The quickened rise and fall are but the tide
Of tender sympathy; a step whose sound
Thrills like the sweetest music—these
Are charms that will not fail, but will abide
For aye, and in their fulness spread around
A holy incense and a perfect peace.

—*Forrest A. Garrett.*

"But It's Always Over the Stars."

THE IDEAL

The pholosophers tell of an infinite sphere,
Far, far away from the wastes of wars,
Where the deathless dwell, and there's never a tear
And the wide world's free from the cynic's sneer—
But, it's always over the stars.

And the poets sing of a stormless sea,
And a barque unschathed with scars;
A dreamland with love-fires wild and free;
And never a jar or minor key—
But it's always over the stars.

Why sing of a realm that is but a dream,
Hemmed in by the spirit-bars?
Life, love and peace are a sweeter theme;
God's in His Heaven—but the portal gleam
Is the Earth-way to the stars!

—T. Elmore Lucey.

WAR EAGLE *

Through arbors of vine where the boughs intertwine
Thy waters, War Eagle, enchantingly shine;
At morning a feast for the eyes in the east
And at eve the sweet light of repose in the west,
Steals over the glide of thy turbulent tide
And makes thee forever my haven of rest.

To the War Eagle pines from my life's bitter strain,
I oft' would return to renew me again;
I could lie down by them and awhile could forget
All the grief I've endured, all the failures I've met.
I could love, I could live, with no wrong to forgive—
A fellow and friend to each creature I met.

If fate could provide me a boon more desired
Than a palace whose halls are in splendor attired,
I would ask for the cliff and the high mountain steep
Where the War Eagle waters incessantly leap
At noon to be charmed by the torrent's wild storm,
And at night for its murmur to soothe me to sleep.

—*George G. Stockard.*

*War Eagle is a stream in Northwest Arkansas.

FORGET-ME-NOT

A gallant soldier from Arkansas upon Missouri's sod,
With little life between him and the judgment of his God,
Dying lay with no one near him save a friend he loved so well
And to him he turned in anguish as his thoughts began to dwell
On the past, in reminiscence, and his sweetheart far away
Whom he loved with a devotion that was madness I might say.

"Friend," he said with gentle pathos, while the great tears dimmed his eye
"It is hard, and O so cruel for a soldier thus to die.
I, who hoped a better future than the past has been to me
Dreamed last night that I was with her, standing 'neath a willow tree—
And tonight I know the symbol of the drooping willow boughs
And recall with painful sadness all our melancholy vows.

In the shadows of the willow—emblem of my coming death—
Do not shudder, it is coming, for I feel my parting breath—
Folding her unto my bosom, I rehearsed a sad farewell,
And beneath her dark brown eyebrows, tears of deep dejection fell,
While the bitter, poignant moaning of a heart that succored pain,
Touched my soul as never mortal e'er can touch that soul again.

Oh her bright blue eyes reflected in their light and tears that fell
A return of love so fervent that they drew around a spell
Of enchantment, so beguiling, I renounced all thought of care,
And I kissed her pallid forehead and her sparkling dark brown hair,
'Till the bugle broke my slumber just before the break of day,
And 'Forget-me-not' I murmured, as I stole in grief away.

Ah! the willow boughs are o'er me and I see them bending low
Hiding me from home and loved ones, whispering sadly, "You must go,"
Seek her friend, and tell her kindly, how you saw her lover die
On the green sward of Missouri, with his canopy the sky,
And the last word that he murmured, as his life blood stainded the spot,
Was a blessing for her future and the words 'Forget-me-not'!

In the valley of the Arkansas—the story changes now—
Lived a girl whose light had perished on the gory Oak Hill brow,
Reared in wealth and soft indulgence, she was cherished by her sire
As too grand for lowly suitor, far above his warm desire;
He had scorned the humble lover when he urged his tender claim,
And demanded that he struggle first to gather wealth and fame.

These were grand and high attractions in his vain, ambitious mind,
And to modest, manly virtue he was unrelenting, blind;
What was pure and low endeavor to a mercenary man,
Who could count his gold by thousands and his acres daily scan?
He would rather chain his daughter in the pompous links of gold
Than allow her happy union with the one her love consoled.

She had heard the painful story of his death upon the plain,
And her face revealed the anguish her sad heart could not contain;
She had met his friend, and meeting, he had sacrificed his heart,
To her pure and gentle beauty and her mild, unconscious art;
But 'Forget-me-not' kept sounding as a voice from Spirit Shore,
And the love that once was wakened now was dead forevermore.

He was great, the social equal of her father, and combined
With his social high poistion he had wealth and brilliant mind;
These were chief considerations and the scheming parent smiled,
As he planned with cunning wisdom for the auction of his child;
She could only be obedient, and at least with faltering breath
Gave her sanction to the union, praying all the while for death.

Great display was made arranging all the features of the sale;
Costly gems were brought to glitter on the brow divinely pale,
On that night the church was crowded with the rich on every hand
Who had flocked to see the nuptials, hear the ceremony grand—
And the white robes of the preacher in his ministerial pride,
Were no whiter than the features of the timid, shrinking bride.

She has changed her name, and pulseless clasps her hands above her heart
And the many hundreds gazing see her of a sudden start,
Looking wildly at some object viewless to the wondring crowd
Which dreamed not that her bridal dress would be her burial shroud;
For a moment thus she lingers, then her hands above her head,
Grasp the vision of her lover—in another she is dead.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

MARGARET

God's thoughts find expression in fancy and form,
In the fragrance of flowers—the grandeur of storm—
In the tint of a roseleaf—the grace of a bud—
In the warmth of a sunbeam—the moon's silver flood,
Or melody sweetest that e'er ear beguiled;
But God's fondest thought shapes itself in a child—
One was Margaret.

Out of purity, innocence, gladness and love,
A Master Heart fashioned this choice gift above,
He cast her small form in the daintiest mould,
Touched her soft baby hair with the sunniest gold;
Put curves in her lips that an angel might vie,
Put tint in her cheek and bright light in her eye,
Put grace in her motion and joy in her smiles,
Endowed her with all babyhood's sweetest wiles—
This was Margaret.

Her innocent prattle, like music, was heard;
Her laughter was sweeter than song of a bird;
The touch of her soft, dimpled hand was caress,
The touch of her warm, clinging lips was to bless;
Her smile was like sunshine, the gloom to dispel;
Her faith brought fresh faith with her loved ones to dwell—
Such was Margaret.

Life's calendar holds many stormy days;
Life's pathway leads o'er many rugged ways;
The best of life holds much of bitter pain;
Its losses far exceed its dreams of gain;
The noonday sunlight comes—then twilight gloom—
The flower withers with its rare perfume.

But there is One who sleeps not nor forgets,
Who knows life's pleasures—knows its vain regrets,
Who sometimes lets a long, long pain be sent
A greater, sadder trouble to prevent.
For this, soft, clinging arms must be unbound,
Warm lips grow cold and heart strings be unwound.
For this—safe from the storm, and strife, and cold—
Was taken to the peaceful, heavenly fold
Sweet Margaret.

—Bernie Babcock.

"'Possum and Smokehouse 'er Nuff fer Me."

O'POSSUM TIME

De moon hang high in de frosty sky:—
  Git un'er de moonbeams mo'nah!
Fros' biff de possum in de yuther eye:
  Git un'er de moonbeams mo'nah!
'Simmon take de colic, come er-rollin' ter de groun';
Nigger gin to whistle "Dixie" when de leaves tu'nin brown;
But he neber cotch de possum 'twell de fros' come down,
  Git un'er de moonbeams, mo'nah!

Skillet dance de coochee w'en de fiah bu'nin low;—
  Git un'er de moonbeams, mo'nah!
An' de yams am a-roastin' w'en de fall win's blow;—
  Git un'er de moonbeams, mo'nah!
Mistah Roostah am a-boa'din in de peecawn tree;
Smokehouse locked wid de whi' folks key—
But he 'possum and smokehouse ernuff fer me!
  Git un'er de moonbeams, mo'nah!

—*T. Elmore Lucey.*

LIFE

Roberts.

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SLUMBER SONG

Hush-a-by, baby one,
Strong arms enfold thee;
Do not cry, baby one,
Mother's arms hold thee;
Arms strong to do for thee, soft and caressing,
Haven of happy dreams, babyhood's blessing,
Calming all baby fear,
Staying each baby tear,
Trust them, my baby dear—
Mother's strong arms.
Nestle your head on my warm, loving breast
There, little baby one, you will find rest;
Hush-a-by baby one—
Rest.

Hush, tired child of mine,
Strong arms enfold thee.
Fear not the tempest's blast.
Father's arms hold thee;
Arms of an endless love, strong and paternal,
Arms of Omnipotence, grand and eternal,
Soothing earth's weary care,
Shutting out dark despair—
Mighty your load to bear—
Father's strong arms.
Nestle your head 'gainst my promise blest
There, tired child of mine, you shall find rest,
Rest, tired child of mine—
Rest.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
  Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
  And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide;
  No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations; they have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
  O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once was deified.

Glad scorers of all cities; Thou dost leave
  The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in other's honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
  Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
  Where, with thy flood of music, thou can'st win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
  No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
  Among the sweet musicians of the air
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Aeolian strain
  Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
  A multitudinous melody,—like a rain
  Of glassy music under echoing trees,
  Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
  With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
  Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become
  With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun
Into the debths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with nature,—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow checkered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,—
As penitents of old their galling sack cloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard;
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume.
Then why complain? When death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and, from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

—*Albert Pike.*

CTURES
POEMS
RKANSAS

A Bit of Country Road in Arkansas.

THE LIVING ROOM

Dear living-room, quiet and simple,
With almanac swung on the door,
With chintz-covered shelves in the corner,
And rag-carpet strip on the floor;
With white-toweled stand and worn Bible,
With low, sunny window-sills wide,
With old-fashioned clock and green curtains,
And cherry-boughs swaying outside.

I saw not your charm in my childhood,
I sighed for soft rugs and stuffed chairs;
I hated our strips of rag carpet,
I longed for a hall and "upstairs."

Since then I have crossed life's great threshold,
Have toiled up life's stairs, steep and wide,
Have stood all alone in life's even,
And gazed on earth's dust-clinging tide.

I have looked into life's gilded parlor,
Have tasted its false, heartless pride;
Have slept in life's great family bedroom
Where hopes have been born and have died;
Have heard the gay laugh of excitement,
Have walked in the banqueting hall,
Have learned the grave might of the writing
That glows on the reveler's wall.
I have peeped in the skeleton closet,
All hid behind marble and glass;
Have seen life's best perfume and glitter
Grow reeking and hollow as brass.
I have rummaged in life's dusty attic
For something that others forgot,
And there, 'mong its ashes and actors,
Discovered earth's cankering rot.

Dear living-room, calm and old-fashioned,
With almanac swung on the door,
With rag-carpet strip and worn Bible—
I yearn for your quiet once more.
I would that your green-curtained windows
Knit over with cherry-boughs wild,
Might shut out the cares of my learning,
And bring back the peace of a child.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

"Thou Dwellest in the Hearts of Men."

TO MISS H. AS CLEOPATRA

Again she wakes—again the peerless queen
Who ruled o'er Egypt in those ancient days,
In her immortal loveliness is seen,
A royal beauty, all her form ablaze,
With jewels that are pale beside her charms.
Again she glides majestic through the throng,
With silver serpents round her ivory arms,
And seems a goddess as she moves along.

I look on her, the scene around me fades,
I am transported back to Pharaoh's hall;
Around me are the dark Egyptian maids,
And in the midst one gleams above them all,
Who shines as Sydius 'mid the lesser stars,
Or like the palm among her sister trees,
In gracefulness unequaled. Nothing mars
Her matchless beauty as with queenly ease
She onward moves among the dazzled crowd.

In her we see the perfect Grecian form,
But with a dreamy languidness endowed
That speaks of Oriental fancies warm,
And of the kisses of a southern sun.
I look on thee and now I understand
Why godlike Caesar left his work undone,
And tarried here in Egypt's fabled land,
Forgetting empire, glory, Rome, for thee.
And Anthony's madness too, I comprehend,
Pursuing thee across the blood-stained sea,
Nor waiting for the battle's doubtful end,
Forsaking all to sail with thee away.
Oh! Cleopatra, Cleopatra, thou
Wert never fairer than thou art today
With beauty's fadeless laurel on thy brow.

The ages after ages ceaseless roll,
But still thou dwellest in the hearts of men,
And dreams of thee still haunt the troubled soul;
And here thou art again as fair as when
Thou floatedst on the Nile 'mid sounding lutes,
Thy gilded barge propelled by silver oars,
A very Venus with her attributes,
Sweeping in radiances past enraptured shores.
We hail thee, Cleopatra, thee we hail,
Who dost return to beautify this earth!
Against thy loveliness can naught prevail,
Again we hail thee at thy second birth!

—*George B. Rose.*

"WILL YOU REMEMBER ME?"

When youth and hope have sped, and trembling, I,
With heart all bruised, no trusting light can see;
When cankering grief and pain aloud doth cry—
Will you remember me?

When through life's brambles tread I, wandering, slow,
And 'twixt His face who died upon the tree
And mine, no ray of promise seems to flow—
Will you remember me?

When hateful basilisks frown down and leer,
Whose evil-staring eyes I, shuddering, flee;
When faith gives way to pallid, sickening fear—
Will you remember me?

When cold and still, the trestle claims the clay
Of him by kindly Death at last made free;
Whose storm-tossed soul no longer doubts the way—
Will you remember me?

—*Charles S. Blackburn.*

THE MISTAKEN LOVE

Let's make a grave for your love and mine
And bury it deep and low;
Even though it cost us many a pain,
Dear heart, 'twere better so,
In the cold, dark earth let's lay it away,
Down, down where damps and chills
Will soon its beautiful form decay,
And deaden its exquisite thrills.

'Tis vain and useless, this love of ours,
And can only bring us tears,
Better slay it now in its infancy,
Than when it gains strength from years;
For then the murdered corpse will rise,
And its dead hands beckon and wave,
While the infant may meekly slumber on,
Far down in its deep, dark grave.

You shudder and sicken at what I say,
But I tell you we must forget.
We must lay this warm, pulsing love away,
Though it be with groan and regret.
We must lay it low, oh, my beloved,
Even though it may struggle and smile;
We must heap on it great clods of earth
That will crush it after awhile.

—*Alice France.*

DRAWING STRAWS.
"Somebody Must Wash the Dishes."

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS

She was born amid the mountains,
  Where the blushing violets bloom,
Where the cool, refreshing fountains
  Lend the breeze a rich perfume;
There she grew,—a simple childhood,
  Crowned with Nature's charms and grace,
And the spirit of the wildwood
  Shines in radiance on her face.

Eyes that sparkle as the star-gleams
  Shining o'er her native hills;
Cheeks as radiant as the moonbeams
  Mirrored in those crystal rills.
Mien and manner—independent,—
  Heart that's pure, and spirit strong;
In her soul Truth shines resplendent,
  Winsome voice that melts in song.

Queenly grace in rare completeness
  Grown among the fragrant flowers;
Patience, goodness, and soul-sweetness,
  Gathered from the golden hours
Spent among the hills and meadows,
  Listening to the bird-notes wild,
Filled with sunshine, touched with shadows,
  Nature's fairest, sweetest child.

Boon companion of sweet posies,
  Comrade of the fields and flowers,
Laureled with the rarest roses,
  Wreathed in Nature's purest powers;
Form divine! in charms excelling
  All the glories of the dawn;
Venus-like, pure love compelling;
  Lithe and graceful as the fawn.

Never Queen in princely palace
Crowned with jewels rich and rare,
Drinking Pleasure's nectared chalice,
Held a beauty half so fair;
As this merry mountain maiden,
Where the apple-blossoms grow;
Where the fields with fruits are laden,
And the perfumed breezes blow.

Hail! fair maiden of the mountains,
Bright-eyed, beautiful, and free,
Fill our goblets from the fountains,
We shall drink a *health* to thee;
May the sunshine, joy, and gladness,
Far surpass all pain and strife;
May no days of shade or sadness
Mar the sweetness of thy life.

—*M. Edwin Dunaway.*

AN ARKANSAS AUTUMN

A deepening hue in the cloudless skies,
As blue as those in Venice are,
While the dreaming breeze, as the bird that flies,
Goes to an unknown land afar.

The roses that bloom in the garden fair—
Stir memories faint of days gone by,
The butterfly lingers; the day is rare,
Summer indeed is loath to die.

The mocking bird rests from his joyous note,
The deep green leaves are locked in sleep
Through the ambient air there seem to float
Echoes of bird-songs sweet and deep.

Cecil Hampden Cutts Howard.

WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW

They leap from the soul of a baby
And then all over it spread,
From the white and pink of its toe-tips
To the halo of gold on its head;
From the depths of its dainty dimples,
From the roseate, laughter-turned lips,
From the soft, shapely neck and shoulders
To the tapering finger-tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold
And cuddled down close to the core,
And tho' they are evermore gathered,
Still, I find there a thousand-fold more;
And each one seems softer and sweeter
Than the one I found just before,
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So, daily I search for and seize them,
And hourly I pluck a new prize,
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;
Of all the rare sweets sent from heaven,
These kisses, to me, are most sweet,
A blessing they bring to my being
As the holiest emotions there meet.

And I whisper—O angel-kissed baby,
Do you feel—can you ever quite know
Of the wonderful worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow?
Of the wearisome woes that they soften,
Of the heart-cares they curtain from sight,
Of their magic that soars thro' the sunshine
And on thro' the knells of the night?

I hold that we're higher and better
For every fresh kiss that we take,
For every fond love-token given—
When given for sacred love's sake;
For, if purity's planted in Earthdom,
Then surely it springs from the soul
Of that beautiful, angel-like being
As its life-page begins to unroll.

Then' I'll gather them early and often,
From the bright curly head to the toe,
I can't rob the wee tot of its treasures,
For still they continue to grow,
And in long after years fondest memory
E'en backward forever will flow
To that bonny-eyed babe of the bygone,
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

—Josie Frazee Cappleman.

THE WINTER GIRL

ıring-time girl's a blossom,
summer girl is sweet;
ıutumn girl's a winner,
the winter girl's—complete.

Her soft hair proves a prison
For the flakes of falling snow,
Her lips part in caresses
To the breezes as they blow.

Her charms have made me captive
And for me it were enough,
If I could not be the snow or breeze
To be my sweeheart's muff.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

Kettering.

ALONG THE ARKANSAS.
"Behind the Wooded Slope and Curve."

SONG OF THE ARKANSAS.

I come from Colorado land,
From rockies and abysses,
From icy streams and coves serene
And jagged precipices.

From canons deep, where stately ferns
Grow thick on matted hazes,
Where sunbeams tangle in the gloam
Of dark and silent mazes.

I roll through labyrinthian cells,
Through woodlands bleak and hoary,
Through rock-walled mounts with crests of snow
And summits old in story.

Beneath the blue-domed vaulted skies
I stretch my emerald column;
I lift my liquid notes on high,
My anthem sweet and solemn.

And many a field of waving grain
Looks on me as I wander,
And here a farm house quaint and old
And then a city yonder.

And many golden sand-bar planes
Rise on my bosom beaming,
And many an isle with rosy haunts
Blooms in the sunlight gleaming.

I cheer the lovely daffodils,
I kiss the saintly willows;
I make the giant oaks and elms,
Quake neath my sounding billows.

Behind the wooded slope I curve,
By brooklet, lake and river;
They join me and I thunder on
My solemn psalm forever.

—*Turner Mouring.*

"Tell Me Why I Should Adore You."

DEAR BROWN EYES

I have missed you, dear Brown Eyes;
  I have missed you though I kissed you,
'Neath the mellow Southern skies,
  When you left me and bereft me
    Dear Brown Eyes.

I could not forget, Brown Eyes,
  Had I tried, my little sweetheart;
You are dear to me and dearer,
Whether far away or nearer
  Than my language can impart,
    Dear Brown Eyes.

Tell me why I should adore you,
    Dear Brown Eyes.
Tell me this, Oh, I implore you,
    Dear Brown Eyes.
Were those tender little phrases
But the path through phantom mazes,
Leading me to dark recesses,
Far away from your careses,
    Dear Brown Eyes?

Tell me now, my sweetest one,
    Dear Brown Eyes.
If thy love I have not won,
    Dear Brown Eyes.
Lead me not into the midnight
Shadows where shall fall no light,
    Dear Brown Eyes.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

"Has Your Laughter Turned to Weeping?"

SIGH SOFTLY

Do you sit all broken hearted
In the dust where life's hopes started?
Do you mourn for joys departed?
Sigh softly.
Other lives the fray are fearing,
Tired feet their end are nearing,
Other lives your sigh are hearing—
Sigh softly.

Has your pleasure turned to grieving?
Do you yearn for loved ones sleeping
While o'er you Time's storms are sweeping?
Sigh softly.
Other broken hearts are bleeding,
Other hearts some cheer are needing,
Other hearts your heart are reading—
Sigh softly.

Have you found the world deceiving?
Has your pleasure turned to grieveing?
God is true—in Him believing,
Sigh softly.
If tears soothe your eyes, oft burning,
Shed them—from the world's gaze turning.
If a sigh relieves your yearning,
Sigh, but O sigh softly.

—Bernie Babcock.

THE PINE AND THE VINE

By a stream among the mountains
Stands a pine tree straight and bare,
And across by murmuring fountains,
  Grows a vine with verdure fair.

And the pine with ardent yearning
  Stretches out to her his arms,
While the vine, his love returning,
  Longs to yield to him her charms.

But the torrent rolls between them,
  And they stretch their arms in vain;
Vainly o'er the waters lean them,
  Parted are their lives in twain.

And the pine tree, sadly moaning,
  Speaks the sorrow of his soul
While the vine, her grief disowning,
  Smiles with woman's self-control.

So they look to one another
  Over that tumultuous tide;
Vainly would their longing smother,
  Though the waves their lives divide.

—*George B. Rose.*

OLD STATE HOUSE

Built in 1836 by Governor **Pope and** called "Pope's Folly," because of its early day magnificence, and yet recognized as a valuable monument of classic architecture

THE OLD STATE HOUSE

The years are made immortal by the deeds
Of men who lived and labored in their day;
Clear-toned, and sweet, their deathless memory pleads,
Vibrant with life—down echoing aisles and gray.

Such were the men who gave our State its home;
Sacred forever be each templed hall
Each stately pillar—its o'erreaching dome—
Here long-hushed voices wake—again to call

In earnest tones through which brave hearts once spake;
Here framed fair State, the temple of thy laws;
Here shackles of old customs learned to break,
Here lived a purpose—lifted here a cause.

Its every room is vocal with the sound
Of voices eloquent that linger yet;
Spare these old walls, they stand on hallowed ground;
Oh! keep them sacred—should Today forget

The deeds heroic Yesterdays have wrought?
Should the son fail to keep inviolate
The father's oath? forget to crown his thought,
With deed as noble, based on faith as great?

O, tide of traffic bid thy waves be still—
So shall these dear walls ever sacred be,
To men of earnest purpose—iron will,
Whose memory lives—our sacred legacy—

Here hold in trust the records of the years;
Here garner safely the memorials fond
Of those who mourned by loyal, grateful tears,
Have passed to silence of the vast Beyond.

—Mrs. S. R. Allen.

A FANCY

O, dear one, come to me and be my own;
I'll take you to the fairest lands on which the world e'er shone;
I'll show you all the jewel-spots of earth,
I'll bring you gems of beauty and of worth;
I'll clothe you in such gowns as houri's wear,
Finished with 'broideries and rich laces rare.
All this and more, much more I'll do for you
Dear love, if but my dreams come true.

'Neath brightest suns, and in the balmiest breeze,
We'll dreamily sail o'er leagues of fairest seas;
We'll pluck bright flowers, by tropic summer spent,
And cull rich spices from the Orient.
Sweetheart from thee, I'll guard dull care away,
And make December seem to you as May.
Ah, many, many things I'll do for you,
If I can make my dreams come true.

But ah, dear heart, if you'll but come to me,
The fondest lover on this earth I'll be.
I'll wear your love as wears a king his crown,
Life's fairest jewel e'er from heaven sent down.
I'll cherish you in spirit and in truth,
I'll love you in old age as in fair youth.
Forever and for aye, I will be true to you,
Even though, dear one, my dreams do not come true.

—E. Patterson.

"VIA CRUCIS"

The hills and vales of Palestine were fair
  Unto the sight of Him
Who drank the bitter cup of grief and care
  All running o'er the brim.

He healed the sick, the halt, the blind, the lame,
  But none could right His wrongs;
To captives He gave freedom, but none came
  To loosen up His thongs.

Disheveled, bleeding, pale—immortal sight!
  The judgment floor he trod,
His eyes agleam with agony that might
  Have boldly challenged God.

His unclad feet trod earth's cold, thorn-laid road
  That to the Cross did lead;
Should we complain, if, pricked by hidden goad,
  Our own do sting and bleed?

—*Charles S. Blackburn.*

THE LEGEND OF DARDANELLE ROCK

Where bold Arkansas' yellow stream
Winds southward to the sea,
There lies the dark and bloody ground
Where fell the Cherokee.

In numbers weak, in fury strong,
They held their vantage well;
And loud and shrill the war-cry rang
Where strode young Dardanelle.

By birth, a king, by prowress, chief,
He dared the invading foe;
And many a brawny Choctaw brave
By him was stricken low.

But in a fatal hour he met
And loved an Indian Maid;
Leonietta—fairest flower
That bloomed in sun or shade.

From eagle's wing—from hill and plain
For her were treasures brought;
And her soft eye had brightest gleams
Of summer sunshine caught.

The pride of Choctaw's haughty race
Was she—their young gazelle,
But dearer than her own heart's blood
To brave, bold Dardanelle.

Oft, floating in his light canoe
At midnight's witching hour,
Was he 'neath Ozark's shadows drawn
By love's mysterious powers.

No more in warlike counsel rang
His voice to all the tribe,
And silently with scorn he heard
Their hints at pledge and bribe.

To his Lenoietta's breast,
He gave his hopes and fears;
For much he feared his father's wrath
And feuds of earlier years.

"Acquaint him with our troth," he said,
"And when the sun has set,
On yonder dizzy crag I'll stand,
I pray you not forget.

"If, when the sun has reached its base,
You touch the river's side
And wave your mantle, I shall come
To claim you as my bride.

"But if the sun-light falls and fades,
And still I see no sign;
Let them your woman's heart bestow,
This dark stream shall keep mine."

For hours he stood, his heavy heart
Throbbed anxiously and fast;
Then turned his eye toward those pines
'Neath which they wandered last.

To the Great Spirit then he spoke,
And loud the death-cry rang;
Then fell his crimson blanket there
As o'er the cliff he sprang.

O woeful maid, O trust betrayed;
The last bright sunbeam fell,
Then closed the dark and icy stream
Above bold Dardanelle.

Still does Arkansas' yellow stream
Wind southward to the sea,
Past long-forgotten mounds that tell
Where lies the Cherokee.

No more they chase the bounding deer,
Or breezy uplands press,
They lived and died as men have done
In many a wilderness.

The river flows, the mountain stands,
There is no more to tell;
Save that this tall and frowning rock,
Is still called Dardanelle.

—*Annie Robertson Noxon.*

"She's a Darling, Three Years Old."

AN ARKANSAS ENCHANTRESS

She smiled at me.
My heart was filled with rapture as I gazed into her eyes—
As mellow as the moonlight, as blue as summer skies;
She blushed not as I clasped her, round her slender little waist,
And I pressed her to my bosom with a passion warm and chaste.

She smiled at me.
Her head upon my bosom lay in confidence and trust,
And if I had not loved her then I would not have been just,
For all the souls who view this maid with cheeks so soft and rare
Esteem her as the sweetest and the dearest of the fair.

She smiled at me.
Oh, must I tell the world this wondrous love of mine?
And yet perhaps, the truth e'en now you more than half divine,
So rather than perplex the world the secret I'll unfold—
This angel is my daughter, she's a darling three years old.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

"With Laughing Eyes and Coquetry."

LOVE'S LESSON

I know a maiden fair to see,
With laughing eyes and coquetry,
Who'd thrall you with her witchery—
If she would.

Her parted lips fine pearls reveal
She'd smile and make your senses reel,—
And then your loving heart she'd steal—
If she could.

And if into her eyes there'd chance
Love's recognition—fatal glance—
She'd then you're very soul entrance—
If she would.

"No King than I could richer be,
If thou, fair maid, would'st smile on me",
I said—and my harp's on a willow tree,
For she did.

George W. Gunder.

"The Sleeper in the Rose Heart."

TO A ROSE

I wonder what re-incarnate and glorious soul,
Revisited the haunts of man, within thy wondrous folds;
What gold-winged spirit quit the empyrean shoal,
To drink the floral nectar that thy perfumed petal holds.

Thy saffron couch wherein this heavenly Bacchant lay,
Was softer than the down on glorious Hera's snowy throat;
Thy petal censers, swung in golden summer day,
Outbreathed a perfumed poem to thy charge on dreams afloat.

Bright-armored Phoebus bold on quiet foot stole by,
Lest clanking chain or dazzling spear might her loved dreamer wake;
The zephyr, gauze entrained, breathed forth a gentle sigh,
And gathered close her filmy robes, lest she his slumbers break.

The dew-sprite from his leafy brew-house stole to where
The sleeper in the rose-heart dreamed of wondrous things and bright;
And with moist fingers touched the dreamer's lips and hair,
Until they shone, and robbed the moonbeams of their shimm'ring light.

What shall it be—her recompense, her earned pay,
For all the lavished tenderness she's ministered to him,
Shall it but be upon some virgin breast to lay,
Or lightly clasped, to rest in some dead waxen hand and slim?

—*George Fleming Chapline.*

A Native Study, With a Touch of Black.

THE SINGER

In the midst of the creed-canting throng,
He came with a song,
And the world was engulfed in wrong—
Yet he ambled along,
Laughing at the stern mandates of fate
While the nations were seething in hate—
Singing, "Ho, for the Beautiful Gate
And the radiant realms of song!"

Singing his song,
He rollicked along,
And the theme of his dream
Was a radiant gleam
Of the Better Age, and the angel-throng.

A black box rumbled along
Through the sobbing throng,
And a pall fell with the funeral gong;
But he passed with a song
Lingering long o'er his lifeless clay—
A song that told of an age-long day,
And Heaven-dried tears, and joy for aye,
And a white-robed, singing throng.

And the rabble-throng
Caught up his song
And far from the wars,
In the gleam of the stars,
The world fares on in the joy of his song.

—*Thos. Elmore Lucey.*

"Through the Mists of the Past."

SEXTENNIAL

Is it the lees of Life, and nothing more,
When the years have come to the triple score?
Is it only the close of a Winter's day,
Where the sunshine fades in the West away?
Is it only the tip of the mountain crest,
Where the lingering rays of the sunlight rest;
And where, through the mists of the Past are seen
The ghosts of the joys that once have been;
While down in the valley, far below
Lie the graves of the things of Long Ago?

Nay, nay. Not that. For he who holds
By the simple faith that the World enfolds,
Finds, unto Life's last, feeblest spark,
That the daylight far exceeds the dark;
That the Seasons bring, as they glide away,
More days of brightness than days of gray;
That the Spring gives place, in its varying moods.
To the mellowing tints of the Autumn woods;
And stars come out in the evening air,
Which we fail to see in the noonday glare.

And here, as I backward turn mine eye,
O'er the faded days that behind me lie,
How like a flitting glimpse appears,
The vista made by these sixty years!
Gone; and forever. Beyond recall.
Each deed of itself to stand or fall,
In the eyes of Him who judgeth all.

But yet we cling to the firmer hope,
That each will be seen in its wider scope;
And out of His mercy he be hailed
With large allowance where we failed.
As the day dies out with a golden gleam,
And the red West glows with its parting beam.
So would I, friends, when it comes my lot,
Wish to depart thus calmly, and not
As the Old Year passes, sad and slow,
Wrapped in the shroud of the winter's snow,
But rather in twilight, fair and clear,
Where the quivering discs of the stars appear.

—Fay Hempstead.

"Drink the Blood-Red Autumn Wine."

YVONNE

Now the Autumn's come, Yvonne,
Pride of gold and blue;
Fair the world to look upon,
Heart to heart is true.
Summer joys with Summer fled,
Summer pleasures gone,
Thou art fairer than the fair—
Fair thou art, Yvonne.

Now the cheerless bough and leaf,
Browning in the gray;
Kiss your hands, Yvonne, to grief
Born on yesterday.
Drink the blood-red Autumn wine
Ere its soul be gone,
Lift thy red lips unto mine—
Fair thou art, Yvonne.

—Brodie Payne.

"Nothing Goes Hard With Me."

NOTHING GOES HARD WITH ME

'Twas but a workman on his way
From tiresome toil, to tea;
Yet, in a cherry tone he sang:
"Nothing goes wrong with me."

I noted well the rough-hewn look
The awkward, untaught air,
The spade and shovel on his back
The tangled, unshorn hair.

And these the thoughts that came uncalled,
Unto my musing mind—
Where, in the higher walks of life
Can we contentment find?

Content, in such a great degree,
As this poor workman proves
Dwells constantly within the walks
Wherein he daily moves.

How many at the toilsome task
That each new day must bring
Could learn from this poor laborer
To be content and sing?

And find how light the work would fall
No matter what it be
While cherishing the workman's words,
"Nothing goes hard with me."

—Josie Frazee Cappleman.

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Down on de ol' Saline.

A DREAM OF OLD SALINE

Blue goose a-swimmin' in de ribber wid her mate,
Down on de ol' Saline.
Cat fish a-huntin' 'long de bottom fo' de bait,
Down on de ol' Saline.
Yaller-hammer peckin' on de holler sycamo'
Jes' above de water lilies bloomin' down below;
Bass and perch a-jumpin' as dey frolic to and fro,
Down on de ol' Saline.

Down on de ol' Saline,
Whar de woods so fresh and green,
O turn me loose at de ol' Blue Goose,
Down on de ol' Saline.
I user take my Dinah in my little gum canoe,
Down on de ol' Saline,
An' float 'long de shady bank wid nothin' else to do,
Down on de ol' Saline;
Den we listen to de cuckoo and de moanin' turtle dove,
De birds an' bees a-hummin' in flowers an' trees above
An' it jes' so fine an' pleasant dat I has to fall in love,
Down on de ol' Saline.

De whippowill he whistle when de twilight fade away,
Down on de ol' Saline.
An' de risin' moon a-shinin' thro' de trees as bright as day,
Down on de ol' Saline.
Dats de time my Dinah, in her white an' fluffy dress,
A string o' beads around her neck and cross upon her breas',
Look sholy like a angel, and she sholy look her bes',
Down on de ol' Saline.

Den we sets awhile so quiet, and my heart am beatin' fast,
Down on de ol' Saline,
Dat I can't hol' in no longer, and I has to speak at last,
Down on de ol' Saline.
Den I tells her how I loves her, an' she looks so sweet at me,
I tros my paddle overboard an' drops down on my knee,
And I ax her will she hab me, and she answer "Yessirree,"
Down on de ol' Saline.

—*C. D. Chase.*

Easter Lillies.

EASTER LILIES

Somewhere while the Easter lilies
Swing their perfumed censers white,
Softened rays of sunlight falling
In lines aslant, and warm, and bright,
Shall gild the altar, nave and chancel;
Rest with tender, roseate ray
On the font, enwreathed with lilies
For baptismal rites today.
Another pilgrim on the journey
From the cradle to the tomb,
Shall receive a name and blessing
While the Easter lilies bloom.

Somewhere, while the Easter lilies
Open unto warmth and light,
A gentle bride before the altar
Shall stand in spotless robes of white,
O'er life's morning—in its orient
Glows a sunrise bright and fair,
No gray of mist, no black of cloud
To veil the promise there.
Oh, years be golden at life's noonday—
With silver tinge its twilight gloom;
O'er her be sunlight, round her flowers,
Fair as the Easter lilies bloom.

Somewhere while the Easter lilies
Droop their chalices of snow,
A funeral train with low, hushed footsteps
Passes solemnly and slow,
One is gone, whose clustering tresses
Are no more by flowers caressed;
A pallid cross of Easter lilies
Lies unstirred upon the breast,
In baptisms, bridals, burials,
Morning, noondays, nights of gloom.
Thus the years fulfill their cycles,
While the lilies fade and bloom.

—Mrs. S. R. Allen.

THE JEW

We peer into the misty past grown dim with age,
And by the help of prophet, scholar and of sage
Unveil the gloom of time exploring musty things,
Search mummies, and raid tombs of long forgotten kings.

We leave our tongue for Latin, and this then for Greek;
Then leave them both for Hebrew—and still further seek
For voices of the silent past from graven stones,
From yellow parchments of the monks, and crumbling bones.

Why do we overlook when searching time and place
A living breathing monument—a race?
Dead things tell truly of the past—let live things, too:
I pray thee, sage of ancient lore, what of the Jew?

Whence and how did he come, and whither is his home?
Why does he like a scattered flock the Nations roam?
Why is he buffeted about on Time's rough sea
Like alien people without name or pedigree?

How came he to be what the prophets old foresaw?
How came he with the oracles of God—the Law?
Explain to me all these things: they will have told you
That God's Word written does not err. His record's true.

Those now-a-days who boast their proud ancestral strain
And look upon the Jew with pity or disdain,
Must know while Jewish fathers were God's chosen ones
Their sires bent low the heathen knee to wood and stones.

The blood that coursed through Abram's veins none can gainsay
From father unto son transmitted, lives today.
The love of Ester's heart the ages cannot chill—
Grand hearts in her lone wand'ring race beat with it still.

We sing the songs their poet David sang, today,
The wisdom of their Solomon will last for aye.
The Jew has been, he is, he will be to the end
A living monument of power, Truth to defend.

Hath God cast off his chosen ones whom He foreknew?
'Twas through their fall salvation came to me and you.
Now if their falling be the riches of us all
Their reconciling must be great as was their fall.

Be not high-minded Gentile peoples. Wait and fear.
The end of thy long dispensation is full near.
Be not too overwise in your conceit; this know:
All Israel shall be saved, for it is written so.

Thou bearest not the root, the root it is bears thee.
Thou art the wild branch grafted on the olive tree.
It was through unbelief the Jewish fathers fell;
Beware! lest thou through unbelief shall fall as well.

It is not yours to judge who only know in part;
Leave that in His wise hands who reads man's mind and heart.
For his mistakes and doubts and sins bear him no ill;
The Fatherhood of God abides—Christ loves him still.

The outward circumcision is a type of race;
There is a circumcision wrought in hearts by grace.
He who despises one and scorns the other, too,
Seals his own destiny when he condemns the Jew.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

Evening in the Barn-yard.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

I am watching—yes, I'm watching
For the first grey glint of dawn
When the dark of night has vanished
And the moon and stars are gone;
I am watching—hoping—waiting
For the morrow to begin—
For the golden-hued tomorrow
When my ship comes sailing in.

Many weary years I've waited—
Years forever dead and gone—
Many long and lonely watches
Have I spent at night—alone;
Still undaunted I am waiting
Courage, O my soul within!
Joy, sweet joy, will crown the morrow
When my ship comes sailing in.

Why has it thus been belated;
Why this waiting of long years;
Why these lonesome night-time watches
Hallowed oft by fears and tears?
Answer, O ye fates! No answer
Breaks the silence vast and grim
Yet the meaning I shall fathom
When my ship comes sailing in.

Lo! Behold the gray dawn peeping
Calmly o'er the eastern hills
Birds their tender carols chirping
All my soul with gladness fills.
And I fancy, as with laughing
I behold the light yet dim
I can see the white sails gleaming
Of my ship that's coming in!

—*Sidney Warren Mase.*

"Back Once More in the Land Ho."

RETROSPECTION

Alone am I on the old creek bank,
  My cork on the water lying,
A gnat is near with body lank,
  A snake on a log is drying.

Not far away a croaking frog
  Its frightful bass is airing;
The snake glides off the sunny log
  To seize a minnow daring.

A fish plays with the hook below,
  The bobbing cork is telling,
Yet lazily I let it go
  And dream in thoughts indwelling.

I am back once more in the long ago,
  When life was not so fleeting.
And everything had a ruddy glow,
  As my heart with hope was beating.

I knew no place in all the world
  Too high for my aspiring:
The darts I had were to be hurled
  Before a throng admiring.

But, somehow, now it seems that I,
  In retrospect reviewing,
Can see those arrows passing by
  The goal to my undoing.

Perhaps I aimed too very high,
  My talent undiscerning—
We fail, nor know the reason why
  Ambition dulls its yearning.

Yet, who would live his life again
If shorn of grand successes,
And touched with more of grief and pain
Than softened with caresses.

I wind my silken line once more,
The baitless hook appearing;
The bullfrog croaks along the shore—
The gloom of night is nearing.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

SHOW YOUR COLORS

I saw a flower lie
All crushed and withered in the dusty street
And as I passed it by
Its colors smiled up at me ere my feet
Had trampled on it—faded flower so sweet!
And then I wondered why
Our colors we so often fail to show
When we are overcome
By some sad burden and lie in the dust,
Perhaps it has been some
Unfriendly hand has cast us there, but we must
Like the cast-off flower dumb,
Smile up at those above from heart of trust,
And let our colors show.

—*Athalia L. J. Irwin.*

I SHOULD BE SATISFIED

I should be satisfied
In love to evermore abide,
If thro' each turn of time and tide,
Thro' night and day, thro' month and year,
Thro' tempest's frown, and sunlight's cheer,
If there were one who loved me true,
Whose love would last my whole life through—
I should be satisfied

I should be satisfied
If, in the world's vast human throng
There were but one, both staunch and strong,
Who knew not of the meaning "change,"
Whose heart naught earthly could estrange,
Whose love could never grow the less
But e'er increase in constantness—
I should be satisfied

I should be satisfied
To bear of life's poor, petty care
E'en more, if need be, than my share;
To drink of sorrow's dregs both deep
And long, and bitter tears to weep,
If, when the slow, sad years were through
One heart were still unchanged and true—
I should be satisfied.

I should be satisfied
If life, with all its dread and doubt—
Its sometimes dreams—were blotted out,
If, when Death's shadows draw around
Close by me, one great Love were found;
Could he then come, for whom I pray,
For whom my soul has longed alway—
Then—I should be satisfied.

—*Josie Frazee Cappleman.*

"Mark Where Some Rough Plain Cotter Dwells."

ARKANSAS

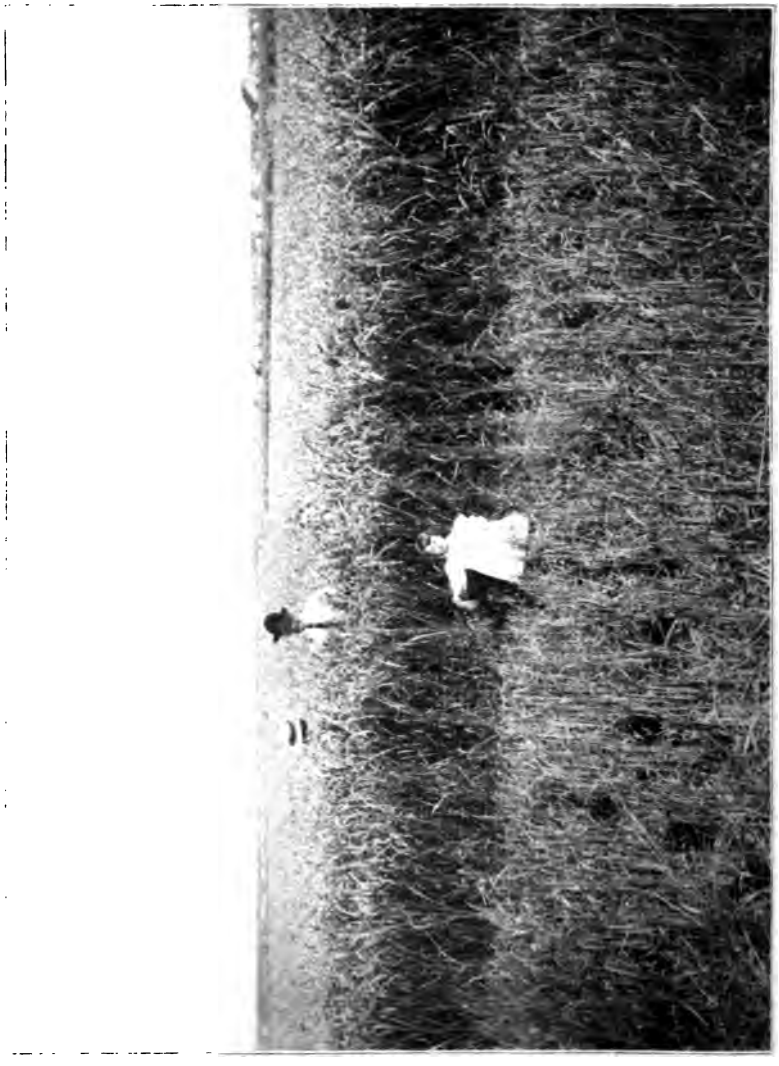
I cannot tell what makes me pine
For those dear native hills of mine;
Nor can I tell why clearer gleams
The water of my mountain streams,
Nor why the earth and sky and air
Seems kindlier there than anywhere.
It must be that by Nature's law
They all belong in Arkansas.

Somehow the twilight's restful hour
Is fullest there of soothing power,
And from the day's soft afterglow,
Heaven can't be very far, I know.
And when the moon beams over all
It seems that I, from joy of soul,
Can almost reach and touch the hem
Of One who walked in Bethlehem.

Far out across the lordly sweep,
Where blue hills in the moonlight sleep,
A twinkling light or tinkling bells
Mark where some rough, plain cotter dwells.
Knock at his door for rest or board,
He meets you like a manor lord.
Feast with him once and you may boast
You sat down with a princely host.
Good faith's a creed and love's a law
In every home in Arkansas.

I love to sit there on the hill,
When all the lights go out and still,
Yes stiller than a tired breast,
Soothed into peace and perfect rest,
The world, a disillusioned waste,
Fills all my soul with visions vast,
And I climb up in Spirit land,
Among the stars, and understand,
Why every fleeting breath I draw,
Seems sweetest here in Arkansas.

—*George L. Stockard.*



ARKANSAS RICE FIELD.

THE SUN-CARESSED PRAIRIES OF ARKANSAS

From a line on the east
To a line on the west,
Where the green of the field
Meets the blue of the sky,
Stretching boundless and free
As the breast of the sea
The sun-caressed prairies
Of Arkansas lie.

Here acre bounds acre
In rich store of treasure;
Here the grain and the grass
In luxuriance vie;
Here the billowing rice,
For man's toil pays the price
Where the sun-caressed prairies
Of Arkansas lie.

The meadow lark's song
And the spring blossom's grace
Make a poem delighting
The ear and the eye;
But this poem's meaning
Proves best in the gleaning—
Where the sun-caressed prairies
Of Arkansas lie.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

She sleeps in her beauty, a rose of the morning,
That was plucked from its stem as it burst into bloom;
The reaper has passed, and our suppliance scorning,
Has borne her away to the cold, hollow tomb.

So young and so beautiful thus to be taken,
And torn from the arms that were stretched out in vain.
Oh surely she slumbers—she yet will awaken,
And her accents so gentle will cheer us again.

Full many a weed in the garden was growing;
Death passed them unheeded, and sought out the rose;
The charms of her grace and her loveliness knowing,
He lured her away to his land of repose.

To a land where the poppies are blooming forever,
Where the music is low as the sigh of the breeze,
Where the sound of the wailing of sorrow can never
Her slumbers disturb 'neath the murmuring trees.

A queen in the dance, she appeared but a beauty,
A butterfly courting the rays of the sun;
But strong in her soul was the sadness of duty,
The will to endure till the labor was done.

Now fold her hands tenderly over her bosom,
Compose her limbs gently for death's lasting sleep.
Fair rose of the morning cut down in her blossom,
She seemeth to rest while we linger and weep.

No longer in sickness and sorrow to languish,
Her beautiful body unracked by a pain,
She reposes at length from her long bitter anguish;
She passes away and we seek her in vain.

Gently and lovingly now we must carry
Her forth to her narrow abode in the earth,
And there by the brink of the grave we may tarry
Lamenting the loss of such beauty and worth.

While we sing in her praise in the saddest of numbers,
Overcome by a sorrow too bitter to bear,
Let us cover with roses the spot where she slumbers,
The sweet to the sweet and the fair to the fair.

—*George B. Rose.*

I CHOOSE YOU

The world is a wide one that holds you and me,
And peopled with folks false and true
That charm many hearts as they come and they go,
But I choose you.

There are women with hair like spun gold in the sun,
And eyes of forget-me-not blue—;
There are women with dimples and sunniest smiles,
But I choose you.

There are queens with dark tresses like ravens black wings,
With cheeks soft as buds kissed with dew;
With lips like red cherries and throat like a swan,
But I choose you.

There are women bewitching, entrancing and gay,
Fair types of the old and the new—;
There are women with fortunes—some few with careers—
But I choose you.

I choose you, dear heart, for I love only you.
And love lends the tint to man's view;
So in all the vast throng you are fairest to me
And I choose you.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

A SHADOW STUDY.

A PRAYER

My Father! while I cannot see
For blinding tears,
I take the Hand which leadeth me
Through all the years.

In love Thou hast the jewels loaned
For me to keep,
And when the Master asks His own
I should not weep.

But human strength, oh Lord, is weak;
We are but dust,
And prone to fall; help me I pray
Always to trust!

So when through fear and dread I shrink
To take the cup
Which Thou in wisdom for me planned,
Lift Thou me up!

And let me see by faith's clear eye
To that fair land,
Where safe my treasures all are kept
By Thine own hand.

—*Anne Bachman Hyde.*

ILLUSIONS—ON AN ARKANSAS BAYOU.

ON GLEYRE'S PICTURE OF THE "LOST ILLUSIONS"

I sit beside the silent sea,
  And watch my hopes that fade away,
Those dreams of youth so dear to me,
  Departing with the dying day.
They sail way, the seraph band,
And leave me on this desert strand;
They follow now the waning light,
While round me close the shades of night.

The gentle breezes fill their sail,
  They float away to some fair shore
Where youth attends in flowery vale,
  And leave me here forevermore.
All, all depart. Young Love is flown
Whom once I cherished as mine own,
Whose sacred flame illumed my breast,
Awakening divine unrest.

The dream of Glory too, is past,
  For me is not the laurel crown;
For me is not the trumpet blast
  Of fame, loud voicing my renown.
The holy Faith that charmed my youth,
Revealing the eternal truth,
And lifting me to higher spheres,
That, too, is gone with lengthening years.

And Pleasure with her smiling face
  No longer stretches out her arms,
No more allures to her embrace,
  No more displays her wanton charms.
No more the joyous band advance,
And beckon me to join the dance,
While Music's soft, voluptuous strain
Throws round the soul its magic chain.

The visions of my youth are gone,
  The night is deepening o'er the sea,
That awful night without a dawn
  Now closes slowly over me.
Now slowly hence those visions go,
My heart is bowed with weight of woe;
I watch the seraph forms depart;
Despair is gnawing at my heart.

Illusions of my youth they were,
  And with my youth they leave me now;
In vain I would the hour defer—
  Time's mark they see upon my brow.
And so, adieu, ye heavenly dreams!
Ye follow now the sun's last beams;
In vain I stretch my arms to you,—
Forever now, adieu, adieu!

—*George B. Rose.*

SONNET

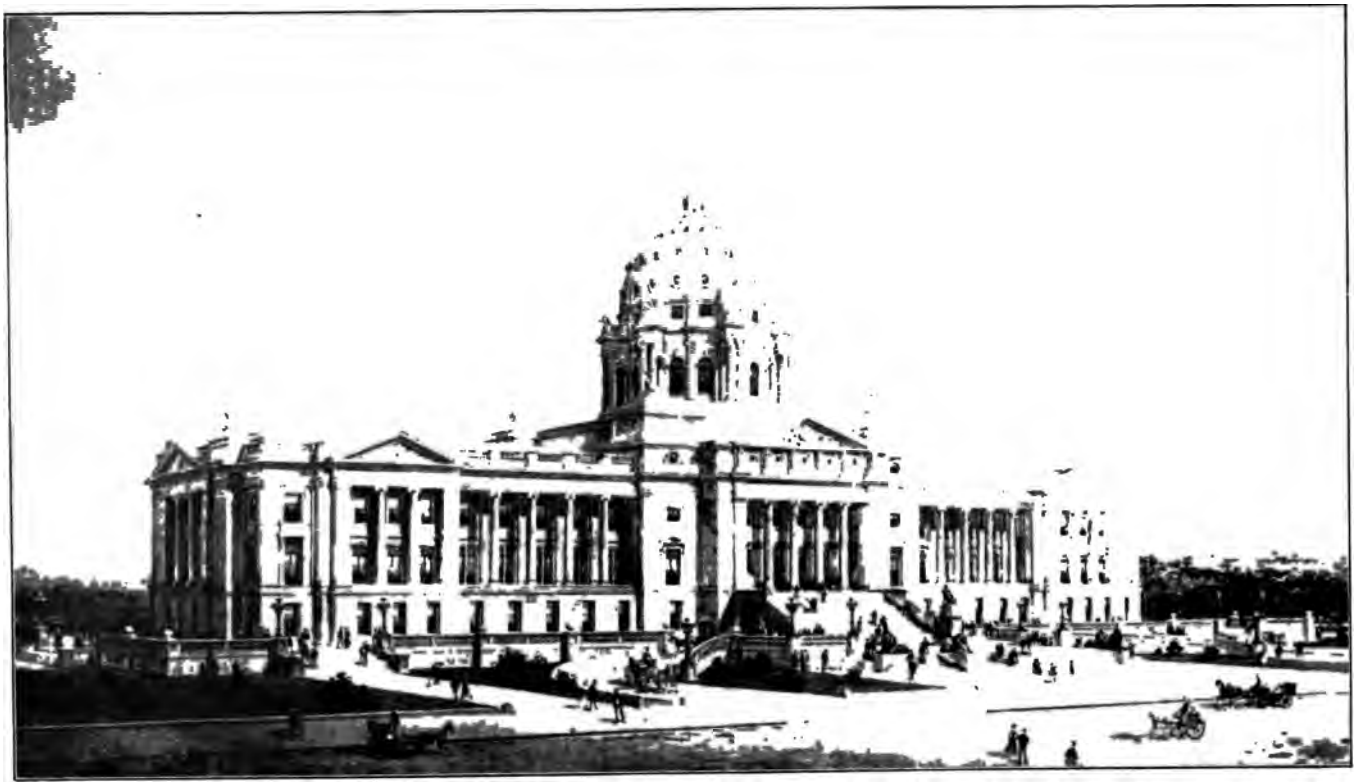
What can a woman do with her weak hands
  So often empty? What gift can she bring
  Worthy the giving? What song can she sing
To thrill some heart that silent waiting stands,
Or nerve some hand for toil, till barren lands
  In green and bloom of perfect beauty spring;
  Or take from wan despair the hidden sting,
And braid life's threads in many shining strands?

What can a woman do? Woman can bear
  Life's sorrows bravely. She can ease the load
That bows her neighbor. Proudly, meekly, share
  Her husband's honors. Make home's dear abode
A palace beautiful. A safe retreat,
  Which Love shall seek, with eager, hurrying feet.

—*Mrs. S. R. Allen.*

NEW STATE CAPITOL

[illegible] building was begun on July 4, 1899. When
[illegible] ral million dollars and will be
[illegible] te Capitols in the South



ARKANSAS HYMN

My Arkansas, of thee,
Home of the brave and free,
Of thee I sing:
Land where our fathers fell,
Land where true patriots dwell,
From every height and dell
Let freedom ring.

My own dear Arkansas,
Land of impartial law,
Thy name is sweet:
I love thy crested hills,
Deep vales and laughing rills,—
My soul with rapture fills,
As thee I greet.

Thy anthems ring sincere,
Thy lovers far and near
Raise freedom's song:
Let slumbering rocks awake;
Let trees their banners shake;
Let nature all partake;—
Thy praise prolong.

O God, our fathers' guide,
Cast not their sons aside,
'Though they be dust;
Hold with thy mighty hand
Those who as suppliants stand;
Fail not to bless thy land,—
In Thee we trust.

—*A. C. Millar.*

YOUNG MADONNA.

THE DEAD CHILD

The young leaf lives in Spring its little hour,
  And falleth from the limb—who knoweth why?
The fair young bud blooms not into a flower,
  But sickening droops and hasteneth to die.
    Who knoweth why?
Our Father knows, from whom the bud and leaf
Received their life, so beautiful and brief.

Those loved by us,—the young, fair, innocent,—
  When like your dear ones they have grown more dear
For but a little season to us lent,
  He calleth home, letting us live on here—
    Who knoweth why?
They in the early morning of Life's day
Do fade and fade, while we grow old and gray.

Our Father knows. He knew they did not need
  Life's discipline and sorrow's chastening pain
To make them fit for Heaven, and early freed
  These pure white souls to Him returned again
    For us to intercede.
Thus we, amid Life's sorrows, toils and cares,
Have entertained His angels unawares.

—*Albert Pike.*

ON THE BAY OF NAPLES

By Naples' verdant shore I sit
  And gaze upon the purple sea,
Where back and forth the vessels flit
  As white as sea-gulls and as free.

Beneath the sun's caressing rays
  The wavelets bright as diamonds flash,
And dimpling the indented bays
  They laugh to him with playful splash.

Vesuvius rises over there,
  His crown of smoke upon his brow,
And lifts in the enchanted air
  His perfect cone, so peaceful now.

And yonder, o'er the sparkling waves
  Lies Capri's island of delight,
Within whose blue and verdant caves
  Strange heavenly visions greet the sight.

And cities gem the curving shore,
  Their towers reflected in the brine,
With names of note in classic lore,
  Round which the dreams of fancy twine.

The land it is of rest and calm,
  Where all of nature pants for love,
Where 'neath the foliage of the palm
  We hear the cooing of the dove.

In yonder grotto sirens dwelt,
  Their bosoms filled with passion's fire,
Who chanted strains that seemed to melt
  Into a sigh of fond desire.

With joys beyond all human sense
  Their lovers perished 'neath their kiss,
But, dying, felt a pang intense
  Of rapture passing earthly bliss.

And here upon the pearly sand
  The sea-nymphs danced beneath the moon,
Or sported with the triton band,
  While satyrs piped a pleasing tune.

They now are gone, but still we feel
  Their spirits haunt this golden shore;
Unwonted languors o'er us steal,
  Delicious, soft, unknown before.

The very air is amorous,
  And fans the cheek with mild caress,
And slowly passing, whispers us
  Of love's divinely sweet distress.

Of love the passing boatmen sing,
  With love the palm tree nods to palm,
Of love the waves are murmuring,
  Love lends the flowers a richer balm.

Oh! do not wake me from this dream,
  Oh! do not call my thoughts away;
I would forsake life's troubled stream,
  And linger here and dream for aye.

—*George B. Rose.*

"This Is the Beautiful Child-Heart Land."

CHILD-HEART LAND

Where—where is the beautiful Child-heart Land—
Where the love songs blend in a paean grand;
Where the gilded courts of velvety bliss
All melt in the dream of a mother's kiss:
Where the sickening din of a city's streets
Are dulled in the fragrant forest's sweets?
Far, far from the glamour of heartless gain
And far from the fever and the pain—
Where the gardens are watered by Jesus' hand—
Is it there—the wonderful Child-heart Land?

Sad heart, 'tis a phantom—this Child-heart Land
Of your dreams, lying far o'er a spirit-strand!
What matter the thousand leagues that lie
'Twixt the Realm of Rest and the worlds that die?
Here—here in the restless depths of earth
Is the heaven of love and priceless worth!
The angels all from the love-heights sent
Are singing the songs of the Sentiment,
And the smiles are thrones by the warm winds fanned—
This—this is the beautiful Child-heart Land!

—T. Elmore Lucey.

"He's Good Enough to Eat."

DADDY'S LITTLE MENAGERIE

A little fellow, four years old,
Played oft about the floor,
Some days he was a lion bold
And made an awful roar;
His little brothers and his Sis
Would stand around in awe,
And look right scared when he would growl
And shake his mane, and paw.

The next day he would be a bear
And lope right through the trees,
Or on his hind legs he would rear,
Then walk on hands and knees,
And hug the other children hard,
And give a fearful growl,
And crawl around the grassy yard
And shake his head and scowl.

Then sometimes he would be a dog
And bark and snarl and bite
And scamper over all the room
And yelp with mad delight;
Sometimes, again, he'd be a horse
And gallop 'round and trot.
And then he'd neigh and kick his heels
And get right red and hot.

His Mamma often kissed this bear,
And she would kiss the horse,
And kiss the dog and lion, too,
Without the least remorse;
And she would say: "My little man
Is very dear and sweet,
And whether he is bear or horse
He's good enough to eat."

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

TWO COURIERS

In day long gone, with hope aglow,
  I stood beside a plain one day:
Where it began I did not know,
  Nor where its farthest borders lay,
And yet I knew both pain and strife
Were on this plain—for this was Life.

Two paths led out from which to choose
  The end of neither could I see;
And while I thought which path to use,
  Two couriers saluted me.
And each begged leave to take my hand,
And guide me through the unknown land.

The one was graceful, gay and fair,
  His words dropped from a silv'ry tongue;
The sunshine glistened in his hair,
  A 'broidered robe was round him flung.
He said: "If thou would'st happy be,
Take my hand, child, and come with me.

"My path is free from pain and care
  Bright roses 'long its border grow,
Sweet perfume hangs upon the air,
  And many birds sing sweet and low.
Mine is the way of wealth and fame,
For Pleasure is thy servant's name."

The second courier was grave:
  His shapely limbs were lithe and long,
His step was firm, his eye was brave,
  And lit with purpose deep and strong.
He said: "If thou would'st happy be,
Take my hand, child, and come with me.

Mine may not be the smoothest way,
But I will make you strong and true;
Love walks along my path all day,
And Conscience smiles the whole way through.
No man yet ever grieved he came,
For Duty is thy servant's name."

A bit I paused to choose a hand.
Two unknown paths before me lay:
But after looking o'er the land,
I turned to sturdy Duty's way—
Then strange though it may seem to be,
Light swiftly Pleasure followed me.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

SINCERITY

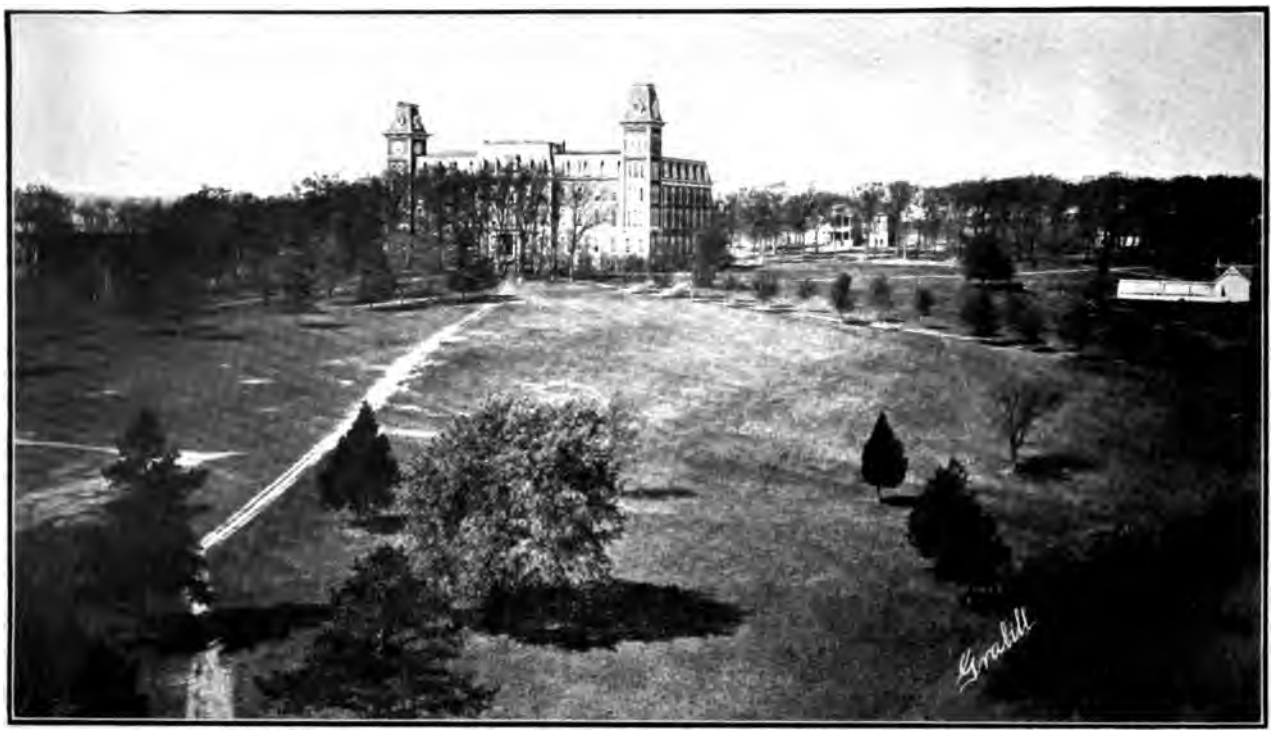
Of all the virtues God bestows on man,
I often think sincerity the best;
For on this virtue other hearts can rest
And feel secure.

I know that in His plan
Of things, God meant that all should be sincere,
And by this virtue struggling souls uplift.

Sincerity—ah, what a noble gift!
To know that when the world seems dark and drear,
There is one friend in whom you can believe;
Who would not stoop to idle words of praise
Or foster hopes meant only to deceive;
Whose every act is earnest as God's ways,
And would from pain and woe your heart relieve.

To feel that heaven is drawing very near
Is what it means to have a friend sincere.

—*Alice France.*



CAMPUS AND MAIN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS.

SILVER ANCHORS

(For Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman in memory of her son, Cadet George Doniphan Cappleman, whose death occurred at the University of Arkansas January 20, 1908.)

Tear-storms, pains, cutting gales,
And desolation's cold
Fret life's unresting sea; yet through it all
God's Silver Anchors hold.

God's anchors—those dear ones
Beyond the clasp of hand
Or call of voice—who, following the Gleam,
Have reached the safe Homeland.

We, from our storm-tossed hearts
Cast blindly cords of love,
Weak threads—yet cables in the Captain's hands
To anchor us above.

Until within the Port
Loved ones our arms enfold;
Hope's star will brood, while safe within the depths
God's Silver Anchors hold.

—*Bernie Babcock.*

ICTURES
ND POEMS
F
ARKANSAS

"A Bloom of a Fairy Rose."

HER LETTER

There's a blossom of love in the distant West,
A bloom of a fairy Rose;
I dwell on her Faith and it gives me Rest
From the weight of all Life's woes.

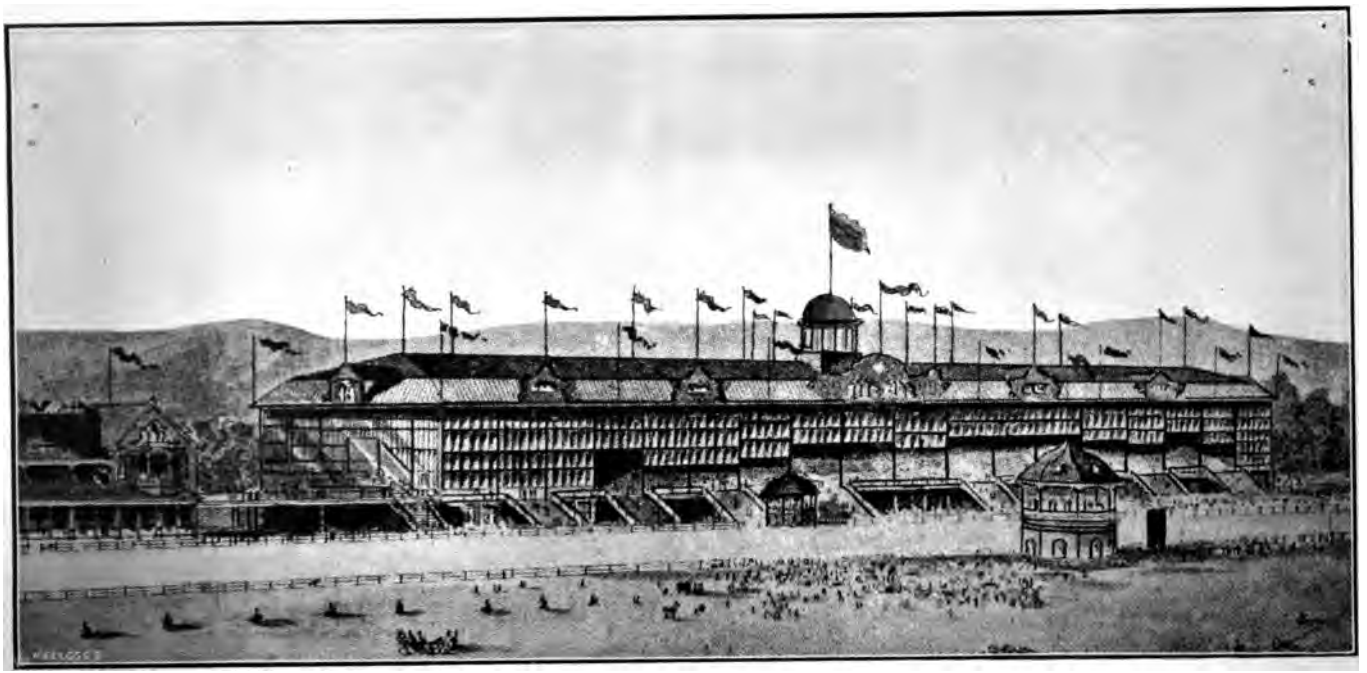
The smile on her lips and the Joy in her heart
Through her words like nectar fall,
And touch into life—may it never depart—
A Hope far sweeter than all.

A letter from Her—let me read it again—
Says, "I love you very much,"
And the words sink deep, I must be vain
As I dream of the tender touch.

Of a hand that is soft as a rose-leaf's blush,
Of a lip like coral red,
Of a kiss she gave in the evening's hush
Ere she tripped to a tiny bed.

O sweet little woman, no pen of mine
Shall ever define you "bold,"
You are rich in the grace of Angels divine,
If you *are* just nine years old.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*



EXPOSITION PALACE ARKANSAS STATE FAIR.
At Beautiful Oaklawn—Hot Springs' $500,000 Park.

ARKANSAS

Pines and cedars, cedars and pines
Ferns and flowers, flowers and vines,
Mistletoe boughs, masses of bloom,
Tangle of wood, mingled perfume.
This is the land of a dreamer's theme
De Leon's fount, Cordova's dream,
A sun land full with pine land balm,
With cedar scent and Indian calm,
With purpling grapes and corn and wine
With mountain breeze and breath of brine,
With ceaseless songs of summer birds,
And endless songs unknown to words
Sweet violets blow and buttercups nod,
And daisies dream with the golden rod
And morning mounts and evening hills
Are bathed in gold among the rills;
And mountain homes from wood and knolls
The rivers plant in many roles.

Pines and cedars, cedars and pines,
A land of ferns, a land of vines,
A land of rills and liquid tunes;
Land of poets' long afternoons,
With molten hills and molten mounts
With lily breath and moonlit founts,
These are the hills of triple dreams
Of artist tints and poets' themes,
Of triple thoughts and triple wings
Of wildest harps and finest strings;
This is the land, the fuller leal
With echo song and music real.

—*D. S. Landis.*

"The Fields, an' Woods, an' Brooks."

SINCE WE STRUCK ILE.

We're tryin' ter be "high flyer" fokes
  Since we raked in a pile;
We sunk a well out on our farm,
  An' thet blame well struck ile!
We've left ther farm an' moved ter town,
  An' now we live in style;
We ain't no more ther common clay
  We wuz when we struck ile!

Thet ile hes worked a startlin' change
  (Er, mebbe it's ther style!)
We're all so stiff an' formal now
  Thet none uv us kin smile!
Our cyarpets an' our funitoor
  Hes sech ferbiddin' looks,
I long ergin fer freedom, an'
  Ther fields, an' woods, an' brooks!

Ther house we had out on ther farm,
  It wuzn't much fer style,
But beat this city house we've got
  Erbout er country mile!
It wuz so sorter cozy like,
  An' not er scrumptious place,
You warn't afeared thet ever step
  Would break some furrin vase!

Uv course ther money sorter gives
  Er proud an' upish feel,
Espesh'ly when we take er spin
  In our gasoline mobile;
But these here folks is tarnal queer
  Thet lives eroun' this town,
They seem ter be so hesitant,
  An' never neighbor roun'!

Out on ther farm, when Sunday come
(Say, Sunday's lonesome now!)
Some one wuz allus droppin' in,
At least ter say, "How's how?"
But peepul here, they pass us up—
It shore does make me bile!—
Don't seem ter know, er care er cuss,
Erbout us strikin' ile!

I'd like to move back to ther farm,
If 'twuzn't for ther smell,
Thet seems ter cling an' linger like
Eroun' thet tarnal well!
I wish thet I wuz fur away
From all this pomp an' style;
I wish—I wish, by Jing, I wish—
We hadn't struck thet ile!

—*C. L. Fagan.*

A TOAST TO THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

Here's to the Traveler—here is to his trip,
Here's to his bonnie flag—his sample case and grip;
Here is to his great big heart, his hand grasp warm and steady,
Here is to his story and the laugh that's always ready,
Here is to his manly strength and power to keep it clean,
Here is to his honor—by the world ofttimes unseen.
Here is to his interest in the folks who wear the dresses,
May he win their lasting friendship—and perchance a few carresses.
May good luck attend his courtship and his sweetheart be his wife
And his wife remain his sweetheart every day of a long life.

TO MAN

Push forward!
Let no past however dark,
Cast even one faint shadow on thy Now.

If thou has been an idler, then show how
A man can rise to higher things, and mark
Each day with earnestness, sincerity
And truth.
Oh, be sincere! Let every word
Come from thy soul's high source.

Be firm, and gird
Thy passions round until they find in thee
A conqueror.
Shun evil ways and men,
And keep thy thoughts on high. Then there's no room
For doubt or sore discouragement to bloom
Within thy mind.

Aim high, and know that when
God loved and placed thee in His wondrous plan,
He meant thee for a noble, manly man.

—*Alice France.*

A PRAYER

I pray not for the plunder nor the spoil
Wrenched from the hands of those who spin and toil;
Nor for broad acres which outstretching lay
And court the kiss of Phoebus' parting ray;
Nor for that beauty rare of form and face,
That doth the image of Apollo grace;
Nor fame, which mounting high on eagle wings
Would quit me of the fear oblivion brings;
'Tis not for wisdom that my soul would call,
Wherewith the lesser minds of men to thrall;
But, Lord, if from the treasure of thy love
Thou hearest prayer, and doth through mercy move,
Hear thou me then, and to Thy servant send
The pure and lasting love of one true friend.

—*George Fleming Chapline.*

"That Deck the Blushing Roses."

SING AND BE GLAD

Sing while the sun is shining
  Sing when the stars arise;
Sing as the clouds are floating
  Across the azure skies.

Sing while the rain is falling
  On dusty plains below;
Sing when the birds are chirping
  Over the fields of snow.

The sun makes warm some cold one
  Who weeps along the way;
The hearts are full of comfort
  To heart subdued and grey.

The c'ouds are but the caskets
  Of jewels fine and rare,
That deck the blushing roses
  And sparkle fresh and fair.

The snow is but a mantle
  To hide the ills of earth;
It sinks beneath the hungry soil
  To generate new birth.

So sing the songs of gladness
  Repeat them once again
'Till all the world responding
  Takes up the sweet refrain.

—O. C

PICTURES and POEMS of AMERICA

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

One of the many boiling springs on the Government Reservation, Hot Springs, Ark.

HOT SPRINGS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Copyright 1908 by Mrs. Bernie Babcock.

Visitors to the Valley of Vapors fifty years ago discovered springs of water bubbling in rocky basins. Stagecoach travel was not sufficiently alluring to cause a crush among tourists, and there was no Eastman balls for the latest display in chignon effects and hoopskirts.

Half a century ago, Central Avenue hospitality made cows feel as much at home as tourists. What is now a busy city thoroughfare, was then a stream, bubbling its way through a mountain gorge.

The beginning of Bath House Row was unpretentious. The ancestry of the present family of palatial bath houses began when wild-cats screamed in the mountains. In those days citizens might spit on their own door steps without fear of being punished for the offense by the United States Government.

MOORISH PAVALION AT ELECTRIC PARK, FORT SMITH.

THE DYING DRUMMER OF FORT SMITH

A gay and handsome traveling man
Lay on a bed of pain;
All hope had passed, his life went fast—
He ne'er would rise again.
"Hast thou a sweeheart fair and true?"
They whispered o'er his bed,
"Whom thou wouldst tell a last farewell?"
The young man softly said:
"There's sweet Daisy back at Lexington,
Dear Nellie at Cordell;
There's Millie down at Norman town,
And Mary at Purcell;
And at Shawnee there's Emma dear,
Whom I must surely see,
And Anna, too, at Mountain View—
Please bring them all to me."

The watchers stared with great surprise,
And then they said once more:
"Come tell us, pray, without delay,
The girl whom you adore—
The girl whom you have sworn to love,
And bring both wealth and fame;
Your promised wife, your hope and life—
Quick—let us hear her name?"
"There's Maggie at Okmulgee," he gently said,
"And dear Pearl at Muldrow;
Julia at Vinita, and Mollie at Poteau;
There's sweet Violet at Wagoner,
And fair Maud at Muskogee;
Jennie at Sallisaw, Mable at Mulhall—"
The young man sighed, "'Tis time to die—
I swore to wed them ALL!"

The watchers tried to hear some more,
But the spark of life had fled;
The gay young drummer of Fort Smith,
In his native town was dead!

—Hank Skidway.

A SERENADE

The wind is whispering soft and low
O'er mountain, hill and vale,
And on the midnight air so still,
Floats song of nightingale;
I'm wating in the moonlight, dear,
To tell my love for thee,
Will thou not hear my earnest prayer
And answer give unto me?
The wind is only a rover
He roams the wide world over,
He kisses each rose
Each flower that blows
But I love only thee—
Only thee!

The stars are shining bright and clear
Upon the silver sheen
Of water running rapidly
To make earth's valley green;
In rippling dress the wavelets sing
To wake the flow'rs so gay,
With soft caress they tell of spring
Then laughing run away.
The stars and wavelets are rovers
They prove inconstant lovers
They tenderly greet
Each flower they meet—
But I love only thee—
Only Thee!

Mrs. Mary Burt Brooks.

Two heads with but a single thought;
Four lips—a single kiss;
Two hands with one warm lingering squeeze
For two folks—my what bliss!

One head with but one wicked thought,
One heart of love bereft;
No clasp, no kiss, just jealous pain—
When one is getting left.

FIELD HANDS.
"Off to the Thousand Acre Patch When the Cotton Fields Turn White."

IF I HAD BEEN

If I had been McCurdy's son, or even son-in-law,
I would have had a mighty sum a-workin' for my Pa,
A writin' policies and things an' lookin' awful wise,
While rakin' in the shekels from the willin' country guys.

I wouldn't have to chop no wood nor tote a dinner pail;
I'd eat my lunch at some swell club and drink a little ale;
I'd have some shrimps and deviled-crabs and oysters on the side,
And turkey chops and tenderloin my mouth-pearls would divide.

I'd cruise adown the asphalt streets in a blood-red automo
And crush the life from little kids and make a holy show;
No cops could stay my brave machine;
    I'd scatter bums and drunks,
And folks would say as I flew by:
    "He's worth a million plunks."

If I was Old McCurdy's son, or even son-in-law,
I'd buy a new dress and a hat and things like that for Ma;
My kids would have some shiny shoes, my wife a parasol,
And every little girl of mine would have a brand new doll.

It's mighty sad fer me to think in all this life of mine,
I've never lunched with old man Mack, and never drunk no wine,
But think how rich I could have been, the things I might have saw,
If I had been McCurdy's son, or even son-in-law.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

"Good-Night, Teddy."

THE GOOD-BYE KISS ON THE STAIRS

I am thinking of the farewell kiss
  You gave to me that day,
When my heart was sad, and the only bliss
That came to me, my little miss,
  Lay sweet on my lips in the same old way.

The day was dark, and darker still
  Were the thoughts in my troubled mind,
As my head bent low, and the icy chill
Gave way to the warmth of a lover's thrill,
  As your head on my breast reclined.

We stood on the stairs with none to see,
  And our kisses were hot and fast;
And we cared not much if they saw, did we?
For they could not last forever, you see,
  And we grieve some now that the day is past.

I can see you now, with your eyes of blue
  A little moist from the heart's dull pain,
As we clasped each other with a love most true,
When we stood on the stairs—just me and you—
  And I would to God we were there again.

—*O. C. Ludwig.*

SOLITUDE—THE OZARKS IN WINTER.

Lange.

WHEN WE ARE GONE

Time will pursue its onward flight,
Nor fail to sound the day and night
When we are gone;
And sun and moon in robes sublime
Will scan the sky in measured time
When we are gone.

Seasons as bright will come and go
And gales, and summer breezes blow,
When we are gone;
And flow'rs and birds will throng the way
As sweet and blithe as in our day
When we are gone.

Soon grief and sighs will change to song,
And friends forget amid the throng
When we are gone;
Our graves with grass and weeds o'ergrown
To all alike will be unknown
When we are gone.

Though buried and by all forgot
Still life or death will be our lot
When we are gone;
'Tis wisdom then to pray and strive
To grasp the prize—and ever live
When we are gone.

—*J. R. Tolbert.*

An Arkansas Fantasy

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

THERE lived in the State of New York a little girl who had never traveled from her native town because her health had always been uncertain. Her mother had come from Arkansas on her honeymoon, and had remained in the East with the family of her husband. There remained, however, stamped upon her memory, the sunny hills, the billowing cotton-fields, and the forests of fruit trees among which her youth had been spent. When the snows lay for weeks upon the ground and the sharp-cutting wind crept through crevices at door and window in spite of all one could do, the mother would take her delicate little daughter upon her lap and tell her how at that moment the flowers were blooming, and the peach trees were blossoming, down in Arkansas.

It became the dream of the child's life to visit that heaven-blessed land where the light frosts do not kill and where the snows vanish like white ghosts at touch of the warm earth. But in the rigorous climate of the North, the little one's strength wasted away, and death came before her dream could be realized.

Her soul rose to that heavenly abode set apart for children and for those who have become as one of them. She looked about her in wonder at the glorious splendors of heaven—its streets of gold, its fields of flowers, its trees of life and knowledge. Too young to understand death, she thought she had awakened from a deep sleep. Saint Peter greeted her with an angelic smile, and said:

"Do you know where you are, little one?"

With eyes still dancing with delight at the vision of surpassing loveliness, the child laughed with joy, and she cried with confidence, "Yes; *this must be Arkansas!*"